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THE MAMMOTH AND THE HAIRY RHINOCEROS.

FLINT PERIOD.

The mammoth (the *Elephas primigenus* of naturalists) seems to have been the most numerous of all the extinct giant animals, and to have ranged extensively over a large tract of country. The hairy rhinoceros (*Rhinoceros tichorhinus*) appears also to have been abundant, and the remains of these two mammals are quite generally found together.

Three species of rhinoceros inhabited Europe during the quaternary period. We shall not here enter into the discussions of paleontologists as to the proper names to be given to these three species, such a difference of opinion not affecting the question of the existence of the species themselves. Two belonged to the preglacial as well as to the postglacial period, but the woolly-haired, two-horned rhinoceros, which is the one most abundant in postglacial times, has not yet been proved to have existed in Europe during the preglacial period. The two preglacial species also had a more southerly range, as they have been found in Spain and Italy, while the hairy rhinoceros, although met with in the extreme north of Siberia and throughout Central Europe and in England, does not appear to have crossed either the Alps or the Pyrenees.

This hairy rhinoceros was of great size, and, as the name given the animal by Cuvier (*tichorhinus*) indicates, was possessed of two horns, since the bony partition which divided its nostrils shows that two horns must have existed on its snout, one of which was longer than the other. Its body, destitute of the wrinkles and callosities observed on the skin of the African rhinoceros, was covered with long, thick, woolly hair. Its head was elongated, while its limbs were so short that its belly must almost have touched the ground.

In 1772 the traveler Dallas made the strange discovery of a fossil rhinoceros buried in the frozen sands of Siberia, on the banks of the Vitim, a river which flows into the Lena below Irkutsk. This rare specimen of a race no longer existing was still covered with its skin. The discovery occurred seven years after the body of a mammoth had been found, under similar circumstances, with all its parts quite well preserved. The latter specimen was found buried on the banks of the Lena, and its skeleton was taken to St. Petersburg, where it may now be seen near the skeleton of a modern elephant, which gives the student of paleontology a favorable opportunity of comparing the proportions of the two species.

These discoveries are valuable, since they enable the anatomist to compare the species, and show that while races may be altered in their size and general appearance, they always preserve their original type.

The artist in the drawing has represented a mammoth and a hairy rhinoceros engaged in a combat similar to that which now and then occurs in our time between the elephant and rhinoceros in the equatorial regions, to which they are at present restricted.

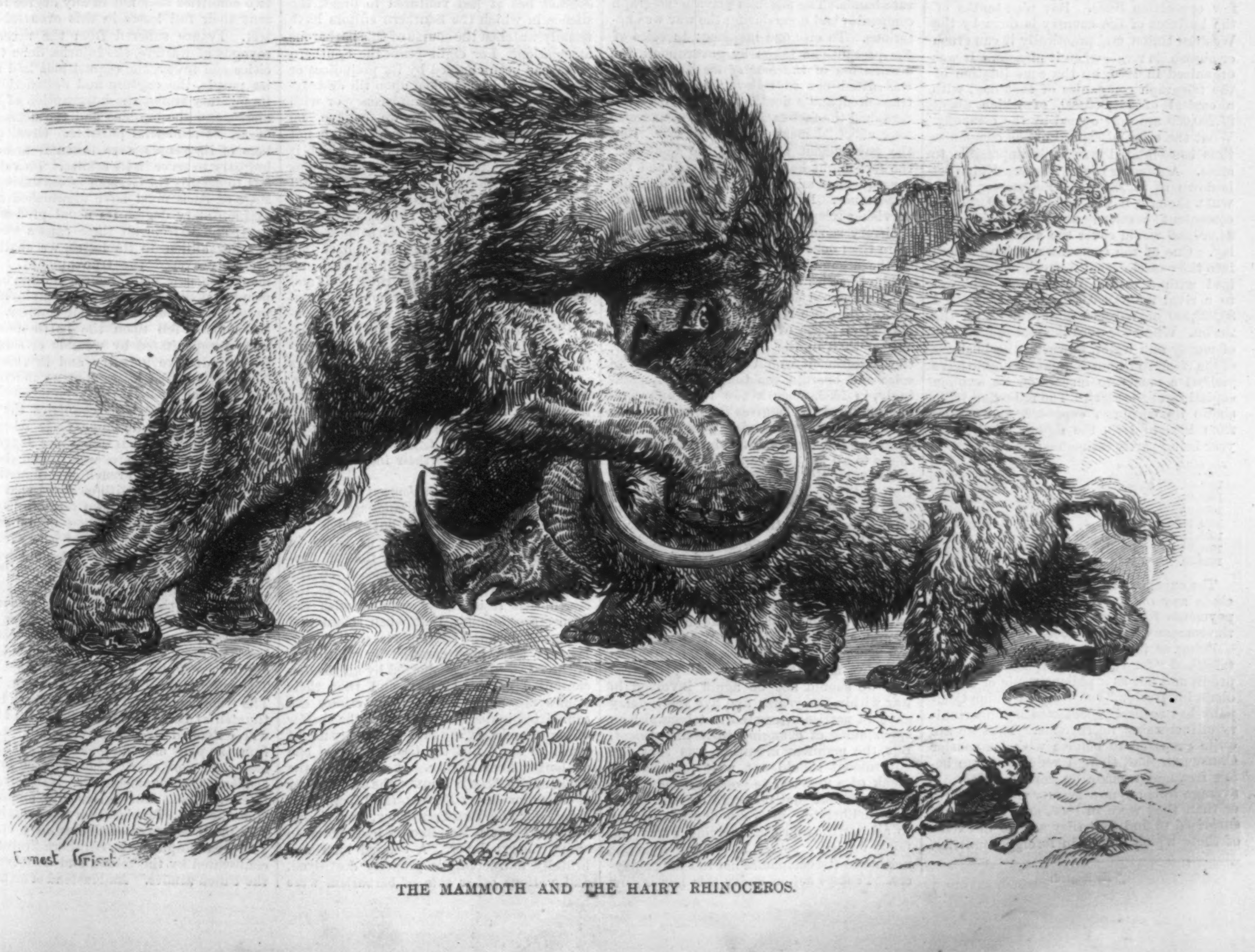
The rhinoceros of the quaternary period had probably the same disposition as those of our time. It was not more savage, but its brutal stupidity made it a formidable enemy for the animals and men who dared to attack it. In hunting this monster the wild men who frequented its haunts had only flint hatchets or arrows for arms, and however skillful they may have been in the use of these weapons, we may easily imagine that their chase was not always successful.

From Dallas's discovery in Siberia, and from remains of the rhinoceros found in many other places, mingled with those of the musk-ox now in existence, it is clear the *Rhinoceros tichorhinus* and the mammoth were constituted to live in a Northern climate. The thick woolly hair which protected them may be considered a proof that such quarters were assigned to them by Providence.

MESMERISM OF ANIMALS.

In a lecture at Leipsic on hypnotism in the lower animals, Professor Czermak first discussed the statement that if a crab be held by the tail with one hand, and the other hand, the fingers curved slightly downward, be passed over it from the tail toward the head with a stroking motion a certain distance from it, but not touching it, the animal will in a short time fall into the so-called magnetic or mesmeric sleep, and can then be set up vertically on its head and claws; furthermore, that if the movement of the hand now be made in the opposite direction the magnetism will pass off, and the animal will return to its normal condition. He showed that the so-called magnetizing operation had nothing whatever to do with the condition of the animal, and that a similar state could be induced by hanging it up by a cord tied around its tail. He remarked that the animal is most prone to pass into this somnolence in the fall and winter, and suggested as an explanation of the phenomenon that excitability of the nervous system of the crab is impaired, and the organs of motion are consequently disturbed in their functions, when the animal is placed in such an involuntary and unusual position. He also noticed the well-known fact that if a chicken in a sitting position on a table be gently pressed with one hand upon the supporting surface, the head and bill pressed down with the other hand, and a chalk line drawn from the tip of the bill, the fowl will remain perfectly powerless in the position given to it for some time after the removal of the hands. Professor Czermak found that the chalk line was not essential to the success of the experiment. He also ascertained that subjects least accustomed to association with man, and that seemed most unruly before the experiment, pass most rapidly into the somnolent condition. This phenomenon was explained by Kircher, in 1645, upon the hypothesis that the chicken imagined the chalk line to be a cord holding its bill down after the finger had been removed. As a physiological explanation, a mechanical irritation of the brain and nerves by pulling might at once suggest itself. It is known that certain excitements of exterior nervous apparatus will often exert a decided effect on the nervous centres—the brain and the spinal cord. This is very evident in case of a frog having its fore-legs tied together and exciting a portion of the nerves of the skin. It will then, when placed on its back, remain perfectly quiet, and only regain its activity when the cord is removed, while a frog that is free can not be made to remain upon its back. There can be no doubt that this is a reflex phenomenon; but the case of the chicken may not be equally so. The peculiar, unusual position of the animal may doubtless co-operate, and although the chalk line can be clearly demonstrated to be unnecessary, yet there are facts that indicate that it may not be without its influence in attracting and fixing the attention of the fowl.

The following experiments serve to illustrate the characteristic effect of constrained attention. If a thread be suspended over the comb of a chicken so that the ends hang down over the eyes, the fowl will remain in a perfectly cataleptic condition, and finally pass into somnolence, so deep, indeed, that it will permit all possible movements without giving any signs of life. Again, if a pigeon be pressed gently upon a table, so that it can not use its wings, and a finger be placed before its eyes, and moved back and forth, following the motion of the head so that the eyes must continually notice it, the bird will soon become quiet, and will not fly away when the hand is removed.



THE MAMMOTH AND THE HAIRY RHINOCEROS.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE, WEEKLY, AND BAZAR.

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 23, 1873.

☞ *With this Number of* HARPER'S WEEKLY *our readers will receive gratuitously a fine* SUPPLEMENT, *giving a magnificent bird's-eye view of*

LONG BRANCH,

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A GOVERNMENT TELEGRAPH.

IT is now pretty clear that, unless some new Crédit Mobilier investigation puts a stop to the public business, something will be done at the next session of Congress toward the establishment of a government telegraph. It is high time. The United States are the only civilized nation in the world which suffers the telegraph to remain in private hands; and during the past six or seven years the subject has been so generally discussed here that public opinion is almost unanimous in favor of following the general example. Of the arguments against the absorption of the telegraph by the Post-office Department none have stood the test of examination, while the arguments in favor of that policy—the necessity of cheapening telegraphic intercourse as one of the most potent engines of modern civilization, the danger of allowing so formidable a military weapon to remain in private hands in war time, and the seeming impossibility of securing harmonious working between private telegraph companies and the Signal Service Department—all gain strength the more they are considered.

The telegraph system of the United States is now mainly in the hands of the Western Union Telegraph Company. There are a few opposition lines. But nine-tenths of the business of the country is done by the Western Union, and practically it can crush or absorb its rivals when it pleases. It was organized in 1866, by the consolidation of the telegraph companies of that day, with a capital of $41,000,000, of which about $7,200,000 are now owned by the company. What the original capital of the companies thus consolidated was it is impossible to state. A director of the Western Union set it down at $18,000,000. Postmaster CRESWELL thought it was under $10,000,000. A competent Western authority said that $4,000,000 would cover the actual cash outlay. One of the companies which entered into the consolidation was originally organized with a capital of $150,000, sold out to a rival for $3,000,000, and was allotted $6,000,000 of Western Union stock on the fusion. Whatever were the real proportions of money and water, however, the business of the Western Union Company seems to have yielded a moderate income on its swollen capital from the start. The following table shows its earnings, expenses, and profits from 1866 to 1873, the figures of the last year being partly estimated:

Year ending June 30.	Gross Receipts.	Expenses.	Net Receipts.
1866-67.	$6,568,925	$3,944,006	$2,624,919
1867-68.	7,004,560	4,362,850	2,641,710
1868-69.	7,316,918	4,568,117	2,748,801
1869-70.	7,138,737	4,910,772	2,227,965
1870-71.	7,637,448	5,104,787	2,532,661
1871-72.	8,457,095	5,666,863	2,790,232
1872-73.	*8,250,000	*5,700,000	*2,550,000

The expenses, as given above, do not include any outlay for new construction or payments for interest on bonds, of which the company has $6,100,000 afloat.

Being, as its president frankly states, established "for the sole purpose of making profit, and not as a philanthropic or benevolent institution," the Western Union Company has naturally neglected no opportunity of increasing its revenue. Thus we are quite prepared to believe with Postmaster CRESWELL that, though reductions are being frequently made on certain routes, its average tolls are now twenty per cent. higher than they were in 1867, and we are not surprised to find that they are far in excess of those which obtain in foreign countries.

* Estimated.

The following table shows the average cost of telegraphic messages in the countries named:

Country.	Average Cost of a Message.
Great Britain	29 cents.
France	28 cents.
Italy	32 cents.
Germany	22 cents.
Bavaria	16 cents.
Belgium	16 cents.
United States	**70 cents.**

Thus it appears that notwithstanding our boasted intellectual superiority, and notwithstanding our undoubted commercial activity—which is illustrated by the fact that last year there were three times as many telegraphic messages sent in the United States as in England—we pay more than twice as much as they do in Europe for the privilege of communicating with each other by telegraph. In respect to the two other great engines of modern civilization, the post-office and the common school, we are at least on a par with foreigners. In regard to the telegraph, which is not the least important of the three, we are far behind them.

If there were any prospect of a reduction of this exorbitant tax the public might exercise patience, and indulge hopes of better things in the future. But the policy of corporations organized "for the sole purpose of making profit," and uncontrolled by law or competition, must ever be in the direction of increasing charges. Thus it is well understood that when the new owners of the Western Union elect themselves to the direction in October next, the $7,200,000 of stock owned by the company will be distributed to the stockholders as a scrip dividend, and cash dividends of eight per cent. per annum will be declared on the whole $41,000,000. How this result is to be attained may be inferred from the declaration of Mr. DAVID A. WELLS, the apologist of the Western Union, who, in his published pamphlet on the telegraph, uses these words: "The public may feel assured that either the average of existing tolls will have to be advanced, or no more lines will be built by private capitalists looking to an average rate of interest on investment." In other words, the Western Union will either raise its tolls or stop extending its lines to keep pace with the growth of the country. In point of fact, to pay $3,280,000 per annum, after interest and expenses, it will have to do both—to stop all new construction, and to raise its tolls something like fifty per cent. It is for Congress to determine whether this new tax shall be laid on the people and the press.

Happily the emergency is not unexpected. It was obvious seven years ago that the telegraph could not long remain in private hands. The mischief private telegraph companies had done during the war was notorious. To cite one instance: In spite of the precautions taken by government, the destination of the *Star of the West*—which was fitted out to relieve Fort Sumter—transpired, and a Southern sympathizer telegraphed the fact to Governor PICKENS, who took effectual measures to repel her. Had the government controlled the telegraph, the fort might have been relieved, and the consequences might have been of national importance. Later on, the necessity of supervising telegraphic correspondence led to arbitrary seizures of dispatches; and thus more than once the spirit, if not the letter, of the organic law was violated, and the public liberties invaded—not that Mr. LINCOLN approved such a policy, but that the life of the state required it. On the conclusion of peace every public man of note agreed that, in the event of another war, the government would find it necessary to seize and operate the telegraph. Accordingly, in 1866, when a new telegraph company applied to Congress for permission to set up poles on post-roads, a general act was passed granting this and other stated privileges to all the telegraph companies in the country, on the express condition that the United States should have the right, after five years from the passage of the act, to take possession of their lines, wires, offices, and other property, on payment of their value as appraised by a board of five appraisers—two of whom were to be named by the Postmaster-General, two by the company, and the fifth by the other four. This act, with its conditions, was formally accepted and assented to by the Western Union and most other companies. Its intention was obvious. It was reasonably inferred that we should not be again involved in war within five years; and five years' delay gave all parties interested in telegraphy an opportunity of changing their investment. But the manifest intention was that the government should not wait for the outbreak of a new war to possess itself of the telegraph, but that it should do it in peace time, deliberately, after due and long notice to all parties concerned, paying every one fairly for his property, and doing injustice neither to the companies nor to the tax-payers. Prompt action under this law is now demanded of Congress alike by the political and by the commercial interests of the country.

The arguments against a government telegraph may be briefly disposed of. It may be, as President ORTON of the Western Union says, that Mr. CRESWELL would find it impossible to reduce the tolls fifty per cent., as he says he could do; but it is quite certain that government, seeking to make no profits, can afford to do the business cheaper than a company with a watered capital on which it is pledged to make eight per cent. dividends. Again, it may be, as Mr. ORTON says, that all business done by government is badly done, and that the telegraph business would be no exception. But how would it be if the government persuaded Mr. ORTON himself to take charge of the postal telegraph? No better man could be found, especially if his mind were relieved from the nightmare of having to earn dividends on watered stock. It may be that the cost of working the telegraphs would be heavier than the Postmaster-General expects. But as the government would receive its wires and poles free of duty, and as in three-fourths of the offices the postmaster would be the telegraphic operator, the postal telegraph would certainly have some advantages over private companies. As to the original cost, that is a matter for the appraisers. Mr. CRESWELL thinks the whole 80,000 miles of telegraph in the United States could be replaced for $11,800,000, which would give the Western Union about $10,700,000. Mr. ORTON is shocked at this. But the fact is, his stock has been so often watered that he probably doesn't quite remember what it represents in actual cash. The government could not be expected to pay more for the lines than would suffice to replace them. It may be, as Mr. WELLS urges, that the embarkation of the government in the telegraph business would be a menace to democratic institutions and a blow to our system of government. But we have had so many such blows of late, and have survived them so bravely, that we are growing rather callous. The telegraph is a natural adjunct of the Post-office, and if, by transferring it to the government, its use can be extended and its cost cheapened, we think we can run the risk of damaging our institutions—which, after all, are not such gingerbread as some people think.

THE "COURIER-JOURNAL" ON THE KU-KLUX.

WE are glad to hear one voice from the Southern States denouncing the secret labors of the Ku-Klux. The Louisville *Courier-Journal* has at last ventured to break the silence in which the Southern editors have usually watched the course of this barbarous association. For eight years the Southern press has been chained by its prejudices or its terrors, and has looked upon the destroyers of its people with complacency or with submission. In Georgia, we believe, no newspaper is permitted to exist that is not willing to hear of barbarous deeds which it is afraid to mention, to hide the persecutions of white and colored Republicans, and to aid a policy of tyranny that is driving labor and industry from the State. The misfortunes of Louisiana may be traced to the same source. It is overspread with journals and editors who are the sure instruments of the Ku-Klux, who are duelists and bravoes, the friends and allies of noted assassins, the companions and defenders of the class of men whom the Louisville *Courier* paints so distinctly, the enemies of education, intelligence, and humanity, and from whom have come the disasters that have driven away the trade of New Orleans, and left thousands of its buildings tenantless, that reduced the planters to bankruptcy, and made Louisiana that ruined State over which BEAUREGARD and his companions now raise their ineffectual cry of despair.

The Louisville *Courier-Journal* has at last spoken of the Ku-Klux in language such as we have frequently used, but which has never before been permitted or heard in Kentucky. It is well known that this infamous society is often composed of the young men of the wealthier class at the South, that it is highly popular with the former secessionists, that when seized and brought before the tribunals its guilty members are sometimes caressed by politicians of the fair sex, and supported by all the discontented of the sterner, and that their crimes are never told. Their crimes are committed in disguise and under the shelter of night, and they are such as the day might blush to see. But the *Courier-Journal* can no longer keep silence. It seems that the house of Mrs. MASON BROWN, the step-mother of Governor GRATZ BROWN, the Liberal candidate for the Vice-Presidency, was visited at night because Mrs. BROWN had chosen to employ negro labor. A colored man was brutally murdered, his property destroyed, and various other acts of barbarism were committed the same night that scarcely can be tolerated even in Kentucky.

Nothing that we or any Northern journal have ever said can exceed the force with which our contemporary now denounces the Ku-Klux. They are "bandits," "lynchers;" they have never done a day's honest work, and give their lives to whisky and gambling; they deserve the detestation of all good citizens; their "ruffianism covers the cheek with the blush of shame;" the BENDER murderers and the Iowa railroad robbers are criminals of no deeper dye; they are pests of the commonwealth; they blight its dearest interests, drive off useful citizens, lower the value of land, repel capital, banish education, and impoverish and desolate Kentucky. Such are some of the epithets and objurgations which the *Courier-Journal* applies to the society, and adds, with a new sense of justice, that the humblest and most ignorant negro who toils for an honest living is, in every respect, the superior of men who terrify and ill-treat defenseless women, and pretend to decide what kind of laborers the farmers of Kentucky shall employ to tend their crops. "Their presence," it exclaims, "is insufferable;" they should be treated with "short shrift and a long rope." The "devilish fraternity" is dead to every generous feeling, and "the State must meet them with the halter in its hand."

This certainly is instructive language, and shows that Kentucky, which has suffered as much as any other Southern State from the terrors of the Ku-Klux, is gathering up sufficient courage to treat them as they deserve. Yet what can now be said of those Democratic or Liberal politicians, who on the last election and through many previous elections were in close alliance with the secret associations, who carried Kentucky and several other Southern States by their aid, who rejoiced over their victory in Georgia with extravagant triumph, though they knew well how it had been won, and who have coldly defended the Ku-Klux of Louisiana in the midst of its enormities! If the courage and good sense of the *Courier-Journal* find a general support in its own and other depressed Southern States, it seems likely that the Northern allies of the Ku-Klux will not win many more elections, even with the aid of what the *Courier* calls "the pests of society."

THE COST OF WARS.

THE cost of the war between France and Germany is estimated by a German paper at $3,000,000,000 in gold. Of this amount France pays two-thirds, and indemnifies Germany for the whole of its military expenses. But the mere expenditure of the two countries does not in any degree represent their full losses in this eventful contest. France suffered from the necessary ravages of warfare, the injuries done to its cities and towns, the requisitions laid upon its people, the capture and destruction of its military stores, the interruption of commerce, and the burdens and the depression of all its industrial pursuits. Great numbers of its people were taken from active industry to serve in its armies. Its vain effort to destroy the German forces during the siege of Paris must have diminished to an extraordinary degree its usual productiveness; and if from all these causes we add another billion to its losses, we shall not probably exceed the true amount. Germany, too, saw more than a million of its people taken from their civil employments to join in the defense of their country. Of these many fell upon the battle-field, or were incapacitated by wounds or sickness from productive industry, and in this way Germany suffered losses that no indemnity can cover or repair.

Fortunately for both countries the war was short, the drain upon their resources was soon ended. It is sometimes suggested as a proof of the greater wealth and the superior credit of the French government and people as compared with our own that they have been able within two years to pay off an indemnity of one billion of dollars in gold, have borne the cost of a destructive contest, of invasion and defeat, and have yet felt but a slight reduction in the prices of their national stocks, and but a small depreciation in the value of their paper money. But a slight reflection will show that there can be no just comparison between the losses of France in its invasion and those of our own country in the recent rebellion. The sufferings of the French were brief. The whole amount of their losses may be estimated at three billions. But with us the war extended over four years. It called from the plow and the loom each year more men than were ever gathered in the French armies. Our commerce was transferred to foreign ships. Our agriculture and trade were checked. Immigration was diminished. The productiveness of the country ceased. The great staple of the Southern States was confiscated by the rebels, and destroyed by the Union armies. And instead of an actual

expenditure of two billions, which is the utmost that can be allotted to France, the whole cost of the rebellion to the national government and the loyal States can not be estimated at much below four. If we add the expenditure of the rebellious section at one billion, it must be raised for the whole country to five; and if to this we add the losses of four years to industry and trade by the withdrawal of a large part of the industrial classes from productive pursuits, we may safely reckon the cost of our war for the Union at three if not four times that of France in its mad assault upon its neighbor.

It is, therefore, a striking proof of the greatness of our national resources and the excellence of our institutions that we have so soon risen from impending bankruptcy to extraordinary prosperity, that we have paid off a portion of our debt not much less than the whole French indemnity, and have so rapidly repaired the waste of a four years' contest. We have no desire to dwell upon the misfortunes of France, yet it is not probable that the debt it has incurred will be greatly diminished for many years, nor has any European country been able from its own revenues to lower the sum of its liabilities. So long as the European powers continue to threaten each other with great armies and navies, and persist in their vain delusion of valuing themselves upon their military strength, their people will never be permitted to enjoy their honest gains in peace or escape the burden of intolerable taxation. A ceaseless and growing tide of immigration must flow from Europe to our shores. The war-loving countries will be abandoned for the pacific. The ravages of our almost forgotten contest have been repaired by European immigration, our debts will speedily be swept away, and the triumph of republicanism is plainly that of labor, of education, and of peace.

BURNING CITIES.

WHAT peculiar failure in discretion and foresight brings upon us such a succession of calamities by fire may well be inquired. Boston and Chicago, Baltimore, Portland in Maine, and now Portland in Oregon, and a throng of less noted towns and villages, have proved within a few years that from this chief of terrors none of our homes are exempt. We believe in European cities no such fear is ever felt. In the Middle Ages London was usually burned over once or twice in a century. Since 1666 it has met with no general disaster from fire. Rome has never been burned since NERO or ALARIC. Nuremberg and Bruges, Venice and Florence, seem incombustible. It is only in the crowded Oriental cities, in Constantinople or Damascus, that the conflagrations of modern times equal our own. And even there no such succession of disasters as those that have fallen upon the New World seems to have been known. The losses by fire with us are unparalleled and unaccountable.

It may be that the peculiar dryness of our climate prepares the city for its doom. Yet the first great fire in New York took place in the midst of heaps of snow and ice, and of a winter of extraordinary severity. And it is certain that in each of the recent disasters there was no want of water. It is, indeed, the abundance of the means for extinguishing fires that makes the extent of their destruction so remarkable. Boston was swept on all sides by the bay or the sea. The useful tide ebbed and flowed around the pillar of fire. Had some common and simple means existed for pouring the waters of the Charles River or the Boston Harbor upon the great blocks of buildings that were blazing at its side, the fire, it would seem, might have been rendered almost harmless, and for the future impossible. Or, could the people of Portland, West, have turned their flowing stream upon their burning homes, they would not now have been desolate. In each case it is plain that there was no adequate preparation for the danger. In Portland, we are told, there were scarcely any engines. The incendiaries prowled through the unfortunate city kindling the flames. There was nothing to oppose them. But if the people of Portland had provided among their first labors some simple pump, some tank or hydraulic instrument, of which there are so many, to keep up a perpetual stream over the city, and which they might have done for a small cost, they would not now be lamenting the loss of millions.

Yet still there is something singularly capricious in the fiery element. Boston abjures its Mansard-roofs, and attributes its fate to them. Paris, where they originated and abound, has never felt their danger. Nor is it likely that the granite blocks of Boston were less massive or secure than the limestone buildings of Paris. Why Portland should be taken and a throng of wooden towns and villages spared is not clear. Nor in wickedness can our New World capitals yet rival their European predecessors that have never known the fiery scourge. But whatever be the cause of our disasters, it is plain that they can and should be prevented in the future. The art of city building must be studied and improved. We should prepare safe homes for the coming generations. Buildings of iron and stone will not burn, and of these materials we have an unfailing supply. We believe in most of our cities regulations exist providing for the thickness of walls, the height of buildings, and a common means of escaping in case of fire. It seems not impossible to enforce these rules so perfectly as to make our dwellings at last fire-proof. But the most immediate necessity seems a more perfect means of extinguishing the flames. And here the ingenuity of engineers should at once be exercised in making use of the abundant resources that lie unemployed by the side of nearly all our centres of trade. Our rivers will prove the best security against fire. Some simple machine that would pour their waters in an unceasing flow over the burning district until it is wholly flooded and extinguished would prove the means of saving millions of money, and relieve our merchants from the fear of those calamities that have so often spread a nearly universal ruin.

THE SEIZURE OF A CHURCH.

To purloin a church seems an easy task for our modern LOYOLAS; and Ward's Island chapel still remains in the hands of its Jesuit pastor. Casuistry that rivals any thing that PASCAL may have encountered, and an obtuseness to moral propriety that might have alarmed a CAMPION or a PARSONS, our unhesitating champions employ in defense of what the whole community sees is a plain fraud and open dishonesty. It is well known that the chapel was not built for the Roman Catholics; that even the corrupt Board of Emigration did not venture upon so dangerous a measure; that it was designed for all sects, and to be the common refuge of the suffering. But when the building was nearly finished the majority on the board attempted to seize upon it and devote it to a single denomination. The president and his unscrupulous followers would have carried out their purpose but for the opposition of a few members; and in the mean time, it is stated, while the contest was raging, the secretary of the board gave the chapel to the Jesuit priest. It was at once furnished with all the costly requirements of the papal worship, the Protestants were rigorously excluded, and the Jesuit father, intrenched in his new conquest, triumphantly defies the sects and the law.

But why our new Board of Emigration permits this singular case of public robbery to go unpunished can not well be conceived. They are the keepers of the emigrant fund; they are responsible for its misuse. What can be the cause of their utter want of courage and decision? They should at once insist that the building be devoted to its proper purpose, and enforce the rights of the large majority of immigrants whose money has been employed in its erection. The claim of the intrusive denomination is so wholly unfounded as to obtain the condemnation of many of its own partisans; nor, we believe, does any intelligent Roman Catholic desire to see the reputation of his Church tainted and its influence weakened by sharing in a notorious act of dishonesty. The cultivated laity are often ashamed of the folly and the rapacity of their imprudent priesthood. But to that extreme and violent faction of the Romanists that is ready to plunder the people for the benefit of its Church, that leagues itself with the dishonest portion of our population in order to intimidate the better class, that sees no robbery in spoiling heretics and in taking their churches or their property by force or fraud—to the blind servants of a foreign master the duty of the people and of our rulers is to show an unfailing hostility. Freedom can only secure itself by ceaseless labor; and the seizure of a chapel by a foreign sect on Ward's Island is only a type of what the same sect is doing in every State in the Union.

PERSONAL.

FOR the purposes of a "personal" it is scarcely needed to mention the names of persons who have worked up the musical services of Christ Church, Fifth Avenue, to a point where it was difficult for the uneducated ear to detect whether the music heard was operatic or not. True, there was thrown in occasionally a little dash of sacred music, but it was the exception, not the rule. Recently, however, the rector swooped down on the whole performance, and declared that it must stop: if the parish was to prosper, the operatics must cease. The effect of his speech was observable in the organ gallery and in the choir stalls. The "artists" were affronted, the organist expressed an intention to vamose, the wealthy broker of Broad Street who paid so much to sustain the music took possession of the books, and there was a lively little tempest; but it soon subsided. The rector carried his point, took up the shoe he had so flatly placed on terra firma, the liberal layman "resumed the primeval condition of his former rectitude," and things are generally lovely all around.

—Recent, and perhaps impertinent, inquiry has developed the fact that the private fortune of Queen VICTORIA can not be less than $30,000,000, and may be double that sum. The real estate purchases of Prince ALBERT, twenty years ago, in the neighborhood of the South Kensington Museum have turned out enormously profitable, all of which he bequeathed to the Queen.

—So great has been the demand for Colonel FORNEY's *Anecdotes of Public Men* that the large edition published by the HARPERS a few weeks since has been entirely exhausted. It is by far the most interesting work of the kind yet published in this country.

—That Mr. WEBSTER had genius for many things is admitted—especially his gift for the preparation of chowder and the mingling of punch. His recipe for the latter he left as a precious gift to one of his dearest friends and heaviest creditors, and this is it: One bottle pure brandy (smuggled preferred), one bottle sherry, one bottle old Jamaica rum, two bottles claret, one bottle Champagne, one dozen lemons, one pint strong tea, sugar, strawberries, and pineapple to suit the taste, plenty of ice, no water. If you expect a friend, double the above. The man who can stand the above will be accepted by any life-insurance company.

—The Khedive of Egypt has obtained permission to place his third son in the Prussian Dragoon Guards to obtain a military education.

—They punned the Shah in Paris even more than they did in London. Here is one:

> "Le Chah de Perse descend de DARIUS, n'est-ce pas? Oui, mais il y a eu quelques entrechahs."

Here is another:

> "The Shah admired the dancers at the opera: did he not, Jules?" "Oh yes, the Shah [chat] for once is not afraid of *les rats!* [the ballet girls]."

—By the death of the Hon. SAMUEL D. PARKER a few days since, at the advanced age of ninety-one and a half years, the number of the surviving graduates of Harvard before 1801 has been reduced to two, both of them born in 1780, and both eminent lawyers—HORACE BINNEY, of Philadelphia, and Hon. WILLARD HALL, recently Judge of the United States Court, of Delaware. Mr. PARKER was son of Bishop PARKER, of Massachusetts, who was consecrated in Trinity Church, in this city, September 14, 1804, but who died three months afterward.

—Alderman SALOMONS, of London, recently deceased, was in certain respects a historical character. He was the first Hebrew ever elected Lord Mayor of London, and the first ever elected a member of Parliament. It was a hard struggle before the House of Commons passed the act permitting him to take such an oath as could only be taken by one of Jewish descent; but he triumphed at last, and at his decease was the colleague of Mr. GLADSTONE in the representation of Greenwich. Few men have done their duty more thoroughly than he. He shone in social as in public life. Able, agreeable, popular-mannered, he had an extensive acquaintance with the ablest men of the day, and delighted to dispense to them his hospitality. His charities were large, and knew no distinction of sect.

—Among the pleasant incidents that come to light in correspondence from the far West we notice that Bishop RANDALL, whose episcopal jurisdiction includes the Territory of Colorado, visited Idaho Springs, and preached to a crowded congregation. About this there is nothing unusual, but in the notice of the services it appears that the church edifice was built at the sole expense of Mr. WILLIAM NIBLO, of this city, who also presented to the congregation a new bell weighing over five hundred pounds, the sweet tones of which resound for miles through the hills and valleys of that picturesque portion of the Rocky Mountains, calling together the people, young and old, on the Lord's day, to worship and give thanks in prayer and praise in the beauty of holiness.

—Lord WESTBURY, ex-Lord Chancellor of England, recently deceased, was the author of that sarcastic remark to a barrister with whom he was in consultation, "You had better turn this over again in what you are pleased to call your mind;" and not long since he addressed the Peers as "your lordships, who are still by courtesy called learned." He was a short, stout man, with a round, rosy face, on which there usually played a soft, complacent smile. He was fond of yachting, and affected nautical ways—pilot coat, turned-down collar, and bare throat. He spoke with unctuous softness and deliberation, his words dropping from his lips like drops of honey, but the honey was always a little bitter. One of his most famous decisions was that in favor of the theological essays and reviews which made so much stir a dozen years ago. A sarcastic epitaph, composed about that time, thus commemorated him: "He abolished hell with costs, and took away from pious members of the Church of England their last hope of everlasting damnation."

—Dr. KINGSLEY, brother of CHARLES KINGSLEY, and the original of "the Doctor," in the book called *The Earl and the Doctor*, has started on another adventurous expedition—this time with Lord DUNRAVEN. They go to the Yellow Stone and many other rough, disagreeable, and most uncomfortable places, where if there were no rifle there would be no dinner. We see no objection.

—The Rev. HENRY WARD BEECHER is said to have remarked, in his cold, frigid way, that any one who is too pious to play croquet ought to be done up in starched linen, put in a bag, and hung up like a suit of Sunday clothes, and not let out till meeting-time.

—Bates College, at Lewiston, Maine, has been put on a solid financial basis through the munificence of BENJAMIN E. BATES, who some time ago promised to give it one hundred thousand dollars provided an equal amount could be raised from others. The equal amount has been raised.

—NATHANIEL STEPHENS, eighty years old, and blind, who fought with General SCOTT in the war of 1812, has been on the government pension rolls longer than any other soldier. He had one finger shot away in action, and soon after his company received the command, "Fire," when he brought down two of the enemy at one shot. He was afterward more seriously injured, and in consequence received a pension of $6 per month, commencing June 8, 1815, the date of his discharge. September 29, 1846, his pension was increased to $8 per month, at which rate it still continues. Up to June 4 last he had received as pension the snug sum of $4815 60. The pension of no living Revolutionary soldier dates back as far as his does. He has been a pensioner for over fifty-seven years. During the late war he lost in the Union army four sons and two sons-in-law.

—The example of the late JOHN H. EASTBURN, of Boston, in giving his fortune to benevolent institutions and personal friends has induced a bachelor capitalist of that city who is taxed for $500,000 to make a will leaving the bulk of his estate to charitable institutions, and also $100 apiece to two hundred needy and deserving men and women, to gladden their hearts after he has passed away; and possibly he may not let them wait for that event.

—PHILARETE CHASLES, the eminent French *littérateur*, who died a few days since, commenced his career in the office of a printer in Paris, and while still a boy was arrested with his master as a suspicious character, at the Restoration, and thrown into prison, whence he was delivered by the interest of CHÂTEAUBRIAND. He then went to England and mastered its language and literature, afterward to Germany for the same purpose. For the last forty years he has been steadily at literary work in Paris, writing and translating, but always doing more or less editorial work. For some time past he has contributed weekly letters to the London *Athenæum* on topics of interest in Paris.

—BULWER had a love for life in the country that increased with each day of his existence. In one of those delightful pages of *Caxtoniana* he says: "There was a time when I considered every hour that was spent out of capitals as time wasted; when the desire to compete and combat, the thirst for achievements opening one upon the other in the upward march of an opposed career, gave to me—as they give to most active men in the unflagging energies of youth—a delight in the vista of gas-lamps, and the hubbub of the great mart for the interchange of ideas. But now—I love the country as I did when a little child, before I had admitted into my heart that ambition which is the first fierce lesson we learn at school. It is partly that these trees here remind us that we are growing old: older than we are these hollow stems all covered with rejoicing leaves. Nature has no voice that wounds the self-love; her coldest wind nips no credulous affection. The friend with whom we once took sweet counsel we have left in the crowd a stranger—perhaps a foe! The woman in whose eyes, some twenty years ago, a paradise seemed to open in the midst of a fallen world, we passed the other day with a frigid bow. She wore rouge and false hair! But those wild flowers under the hedgerow, those sparkles in the happy waters, no friendship has gone from them; their beauty has no simulated freshness; their smile has no fraudulent deceit."

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE steamer *Wawasset*, running on the Potomac River between Washington and Curriman, was burned at the Chatalon Landing on the 8th inst. It is estimated that about seventy lives have been lost, by fire and water, a large proportion being women and children.

Another large fire occurred in Portland, Maine, on the 9th inst., resulting in a total loss of nearly $600,000.

There have been 22,295 claims presented to the Southern Claims Commission for damage inflicted on the property of loyalists. The amount claimed is over $56,000,000.

The Wallowa Valley, in Oregon, which has been claimed by the Nez Percé tribe of Indians for many years, has been ceded to them by the Interior Department.

The Standard Oil Company's works, at Hunter's Point, Long Island, were burned on the 5th inst. One man was killed, and a loss of $200,000 was occasioned by the fire.

The Ohio Democratic State Convention met on the 6th inst. at Columbus, and nominated Hon. William Allen for Governor. The Virginia Conservatives have nominated General Kemper for Governor.

President Grant has signed the new postal treaty with Japan.

The Glasgow agents of the State Line steam-ship *Alabama* have telegraphed to the agents in this city that she is safe, and may be looked for here about the 18th.

FOREIGN NEWS.

IT is reported from London that the following changes are likely soon to be made in the British cabinet: Mr. Gladstone, in addition to the Premiership, will assume the Chancellorship of the Exchequer; Mr. Lowe to be Home Secretary, in place of Mr. Bruce, who will be elevated to the peerage and made President of the Council, the Marquis of Ripon retiring; and Mr. John Bright to be Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster, vice Mr. Childers, who retires. Sir George Jessel is to be appointed Attorney-General of England, in place of Sir John Duke Coleridge, who will be Master of the Rolls, and Mr. Henry James Solicitor-General. The Right Hon. Mr. Ayrton has resigned as Commissioner of Public Works, and Mr. William P. Adam, M.P., has been appointed to fill the vacancy.

Baron de Reuter having asked Earl Granville if the British government would protect his interests as a British subject in the event of differences arising between himself and the Shah, Lord Granville answered that the government could not bind itself officially to do so.

A bill for the "alteration of the Crown Private Estates act" has passed its second reading in the House of Commons. The object of the bill, it is said, is to enable the Queen to bequeath any property she may possess to the Prince of Wales.

The British Parliament was prorogued by the Queen on the 5th inst.

The election in East Staffordshire, England, to fill the vacancy in the House of Commons caused by the death of Mr. M'Clean, resulted in the return of Mr. S. C. Alsop, the brewer, who is a conservative, by a majority of 900. Mr. James Yeaman, the liberal candidate, has been returned to Parliament for Dundee.

In Spain a fleet of Italian war vessels has been ordered to Cartagena to protect the interests of Italian subjects. The Cortes has passed a bill granting constitutional guarantees to Porto Rico, and has also abolished the right of executive pardon.

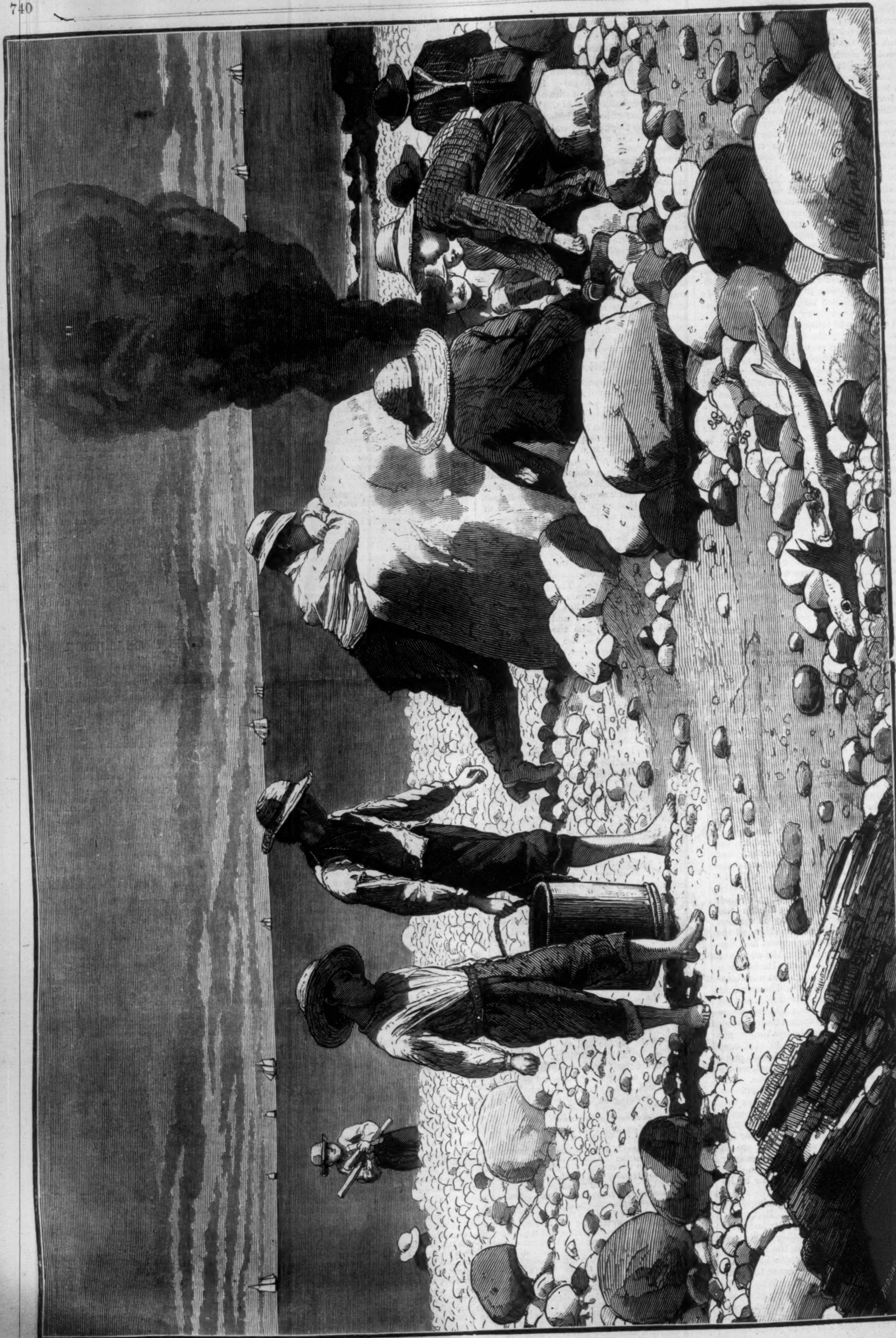
Turkey has succeeded in negotiating a loan of $75,000,000 at six per cent.

All the public gardens in Lyons, France, are to be closed at nine in the evening, by order of the prefect of that city.

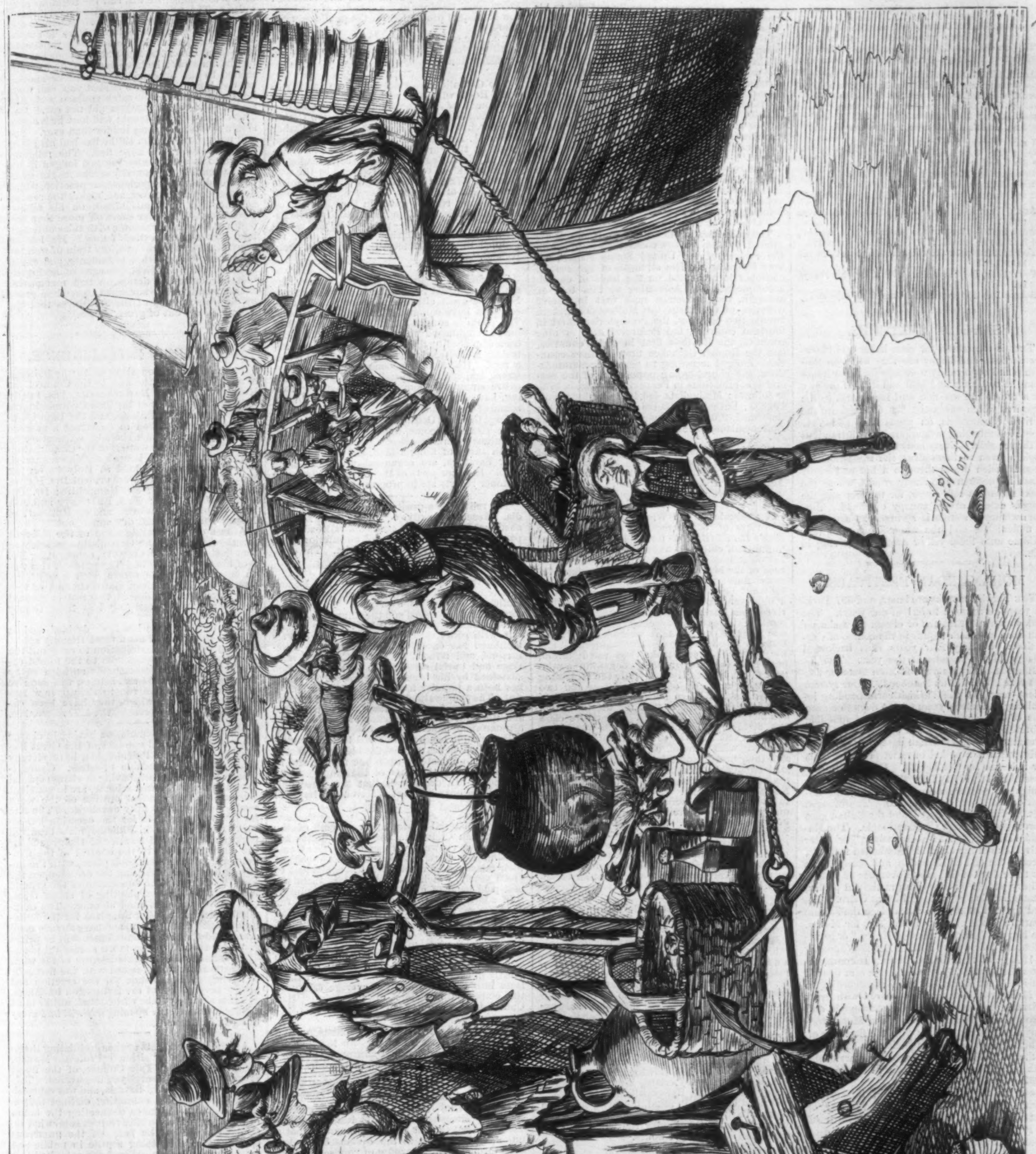
Edmond About and M. Herve, editor of the *Journal de Paris*, have fought a duel, in which the former was slightly wounded.

It is reported that the Count de Chambord has accepted the throne of France, proffered to him by a party of Legitimists.

France has paid the third quarter of the last milliard of the war indemnity to Germany.



SEA-SIDE SKETCHES—A CLAM-BAKE.—[See Page 742.]



SEA-SIDE SKETCHES—A CHOWDER PARTY AT FIRE ISLAND.—[See Page 742.]

IRISH COQUETRY.

Says Patrick to Biddy, "Good-mornin', me dear!
It's a bit av a sacret I've got for yer ear:
It's yoursel' that is lukin' so charmin' the day
That the heart in me breast is fast slippin' away."
"'Tis you that kin flatther," Miss Biddy replies,
And throws him a glance from her merry blue eyes.

"Arrah, thin," cries Patrick, "'tis thinkin' av you
That's makin' me heart-sick, me darlint, that's thrue!
Sure I've waited a long while to tell ye this same,
And Biddy Maloney'll be sich a foine name."
Cries Biddy, "Have done wid yer talkin', I pray;
Sure me heart's not me own for this many a day!

"I gave it away to a good-lookin' boy,
Who thinks there is no one like Biddy Molloy;
So don't bother me, Pat; jist be aisy," says she.
"Indade, if ye'll let me, I will that!" says he.
"It's a bit of a flirt that ye are on the sly;
I'll not throuble ye more, but I'll bid ye good-by."

"Arrah, Pathrick," cries Biddy, "an' where are ye goin'?
Sure it isn't the best av good manners ye're showin',
To lave me so suddint!" "Och, Biddy," cries Pat,
"You have knocked the cock feather jist out av me hat!"
"Come back, Pat," says she. "What for, thin?" says he.
"Bekase I meant you all the time, Sir!" says she.

SEA-SIDE SKETCHES.

This is the season for clam-bakes and chowder parties; and happy are they who can find leisure and opportunity to escape for a few hours from the restraints and heat and dust of the city for a run to the sea-side and indulgence in the pleasures which our artist has depicted in the spirited illustrations on pages 740 and 741. There is something mysterious in the attractions of the sea-side. Every body feels it, but few can explain, even to themselves, the irresistible influence which draws them to a hot and sandy beach in preference to shady groves, where the grass spreads a soft carpet for the feet and the boughs extend a cool canopy overhead. But, from whatever source it springs, the attraction is undeniable, and the water-sirens who sing "Come unto these yellow sands" never sing in vain.

MOHAMMEDAN FESTIVALS.

The Turkish months are lunar, and 537 Turkish years correspond to 521 of our years. The Turkish year is thus ten or eleven days shorter than ours, and each month in the course of thirty-three or thirty-four years runs backward through all the seasons of the year. The 1st of Ramadán for this year falls on October 23; next year it will fall on October 13. Our system of leap-year and the Turkish corresponding irregularity—nineteen years of 354 days to eleven years of 355 days—make it almost impossible to foretell with accuracy the correspondence of Mohammedan and Christian dates. The month of Ramadán is a period of strict fasting. This year it begins on October 23. On its 27th day (November 18, 1873) falls the Leilet-al-Kadr, or night of predestination, celebrating the descent of the Koran from heaven. The Mosque of St. Sophia is illuminated, and the Sultan goes in procession through Constantinople. The Ramadán Beiram, "'Eed-es-Sugheiyer," or lesser festival, one of the chief Mohammedan festivals, succeeds the end of Ramadán, and occupies the first three days of Showál (November 22 to 24). Military parade by the Sultan at the old palace, Constantinople; great festivities at Cairo. Toward the end of Showál takes place the solemn departure of the pilgrims from Cairo for Mecca. The Kurbán Beiram, "'Eed-el-Keber," or greater festival, falls on the 10th of Zul-haj (January 28, 1874), and lasts for four days. It commemorates the sacrifice by Abraham of a ram instead of his son (not Isaac, but Ishmael, according to the Mohammedans), and is observed with great festivities and sacrifices at Constantinople and Cairo; also at Mitylene, etc. The Mohammedan year 1291 commences with the first day of the next month Moharram (February 16, 1874). On the 10th of Moharram the anniversary of the death of El Hoseyn is celebrated at the Mosque of Azhar, in Cairo.

Late in the following month, Saffer, the pilgrims return from Mecca. The Mirlood, or Moolid-en-Nebbee, the festival of the birth of the Prophet, lasts from the 3d to the 12th of Rebeea-el-Owwal, the last being the greatest day (about April 29, 1874), when the Sultan goes in state to the Mosque of Ahmed, at Constantinople; and when, at Cairo, the "Doseh," or "treading," is performed: two or three hundred men throw themselves on the ground that the Sheik may ride over them on horseback. The Moolid-el-Hassaneyn, the celebration of the birthdays of El Hasan and El Hoseyn, the sons of Ali, falls in the next month, Rebeeh-'l-akher, and is observed for eight days at Cairo with great festivities and illumination, and religious services at the Mosque of Hassaneyn. In the month Regeb (commencing about August 24, 1873, and August 13, 1874) is held for a fortnight the festival of the Seyyideh, at the Mosque of the Seyyideh Zeyneb (the granddaughter of the Prophet), at Cairo. On the 26th of Regeb is celebrated the ascent of the Prophet to heaven. On this occasion, and also on the festival of the founder of the Shafeite sect, which falls during the following month, Shaaban, the "Doseh" used to be performed at Cairo; but it is doubtful whether this is still the case. Three times a year a great festival and fair is held at Tantah, between Alexandria and Cairo—the Viceroy often present. The "Cutting of the Canal"—piercing the dam of the river Nile—is performed with some ceremony at Cairo about the second week in August. At the full moon of the months Regeb, Showál, and Zul-haj solemn visits are paid to the cemetery of Minieh, on the Nile, above Cairo.

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

Father O'Keeffe is virtually restored to his position as a manager of the Callan schools. Upon the recommendation of the government, the Irish National Board of Education have adopted a rule which contains this provision: "The Commissioners also reserve to themselves the power of withdrawing the recognition of a patron or local manager if he shall fail to observe the rules of the board, or if it shall appear to them that the educational interests of the district require it. But such recognition will not be withdrawn without an investigation into the above matters, held after due notice to the patron or local manager and to all parties concerned."

This rule is to be applied retrospectively to Father O'Keeffe's case. He is, therefore, in office as a school director until the Commissioners have decided that there is reason for their refusing to recognize him.

The religious statistics of Pennsylvania, as exhibited by the *Lutheran and Missionary*, from the returns of the United States census, are very instructive. The strength of the several churches is estimated on the basis of church accommodations. According to this test of strength, the Lutherans rank first in twelve counties of the State, the Methodists first in twenty-two counties, the Presbyterians first in fourteen counties, the Reformed first in nine counties, the Baptists first in eight counties, and the Roman Catholics first in three counties. Judged according to church accommodations, the church-going population of the several denominations in Pennsylvania was, in 1870, as follows: Methodists, 446,423; Presbyterians, 423,850; Lutherans, 339,128; Baptists, 282,310; Reformed, 270,835; Roman Catholics, 197,115; Episcopalians, 94,182.

The New Testament company of revisers met in London on Tuesday, July 15, and finished the greater part of the nineteenth chapter of the Acts of the Apostles. The American New Testament company is engaged upon the Gospels.

A graduate of the Wesleyan University, of the class of '63, presents an earnest plea in *Zion's Herald* (Boston) for the healthfulness and morality of college boat rowing. In answering the objections of the *Herald* he makes a strong case of the history of his class, and points the moral thus: "We were the first class to crystallize the boating elements of the college into a Wesleyan crew; and when our 'lapstreak' arrived from Boston, and with our first crew made our three miles in a few seconds short of twenty-one minutes, we thought we had done 'a big thing.' But how about the 'intellectual' and the 'moral?' Our 'stroke' was valedictorian, our 'bow' salutatorian, our 'cockswain' a minister of the blessed Gospel, while the remaining four were made up of two ministers and two laymen, each of them superintendents of Sabbath-schools! How is that for the *intellectual and moral?* More than this. Our entire class was divided into crews, and there was not a clear day but the *Wesleyan* could be seen upon the river, with some of '63 pulling for dear life, as if their hearts would break. Well, we graduated twenty-six members. This year we celebrated our tenth anniversary of graduation. Not a man has died! Every member answered to the roll-call by name or by letter, and with our wives and children numbered over double our original number. So much for our health. As for our intellectual and moral standing, I can only say we have names of whom we are not ashamed—names that are already influential in Church councils, and honorable in business relations. Our class, we trust, is not an exception. *Ex uno, disce omnes.*"

The *Daily Telegraph* urges the appointment of Dean Stanley to the see of Winchester, made vacant by the death of Bishop Wilberforce. "His appointment would," says the *Telegraph*, "bring to the episcopacy a new breadth of view, a new fervor on behalf of conciliation, and absolute fearlessness in the presence of raging bigotry. His foes might raise a great stir about heresy, but the public would listen to the clamor with silent indifference, and enthusiastically approve his elevation to the episcopal bench."

The relative strength of the Christian denominations in the United States, as determined by the number of church sittings, is fixed by the census of 1870 in the following order: Methodists, Baptists, Presbyterians, Roman Catholics, Congregationalists, Episcopalians, Lutherans.

It must be borne in mind, however, that each Roman Catholic church accommodates several congregations. On Sunday the worshipers attend mass at successive hours.

Father Hyacinthe is still attracting large congregations in Geneva. He adheres, as we have already announced, to the liturgical usages of the Roman Catholic Church. Feeling between the two parties of Catholics runs high in the city. "The cafés are full," reports a correspondent of the *Congregationalist*, "of angry talk on both sides, and the shop windows display numerous works, Loyson and anti-Loyson, with accompanying photographs of the Abbé Loyson and Abbé Mermillod—the favorite one of the latter being a representation, in harrowing style, of his arrest prior to banishment."

Father Hyacinthe will not likely have many followers from among his own countrymen. The Abbé Michaud deals the infallibilists heavy blows, but he and Hyacinthe stand almost alone.

The effort of the state throughout all Europe to free itself from the interference of the church is nowhere better seen than in the propositions of the new bill for the revision of the Swiss federal constitution. They are as follows:

"1. There shall be complete freedom of conscience and creed.

"2. No one shall be compelled to take part in the acts of any religious body or in religious instruction.

"3. Civil and political rights shall not be made dependent on any regulations or conditions of a religious kind, and no religious opinions shall be admitted as justification for neglecting the duties of a citizen.

"4. No one shall be compelled to pay taxes for the support of a religious body of which he is not a member, and every citizen shall, so far as compatible with public order and morality, enjoy equal freedom in the exercise of his religion and equal protection for the public services thereof.

"5. The establishment of bishoprics on Swiss territory shall be subject to the approval of the confederation."

The Catholics are resolved to overlay Plymouth Rock with the rock of St. Peter. On the Fourth of July the Roman Catholic Bishop of Boston laid the corner-stone of a new Catholic church in Plymouth, Massachusetts. Father James A. Healey, who preached the sermon, said that the Puritans had attempted to establish in New England the Jewish synagogue, which would, of course, be replaced by the true Church. What the feelings of the Romanists are in view of this new enterprise may be seen from a toast recently given in New England at an Irish banquet, and quoted by the *Catholic Review:* "New England—peopled in the seventeenth century by pilgrims from England; re-peopled in the nineteenth by pilgrims from Ireland."

The fervent Methodists are all through the month of August holding their camp-meetings. Near the great cities these once primitive assemblies have somewhat changed their form. The camp is sought for its sanitary as well as for its religious advantages. The rude tent has been displaced by the elegant cottage; the auditorium is sheltered with canvas or placed under a roof. Hotels offer accommodations to wayfarers, and numbers spend on the grounds the entire summer season. Boating, bathing, fishing, have a place with religious worship in the round of occupations. Martha's Vineyard, south of Cape Cod, and Ocean Grove, near Long Branch, have already become, under these conditions, populous summer resorts. Sea-Cliff, on the north shore of Long Island, and Round Lake, near Saratoga, are organized upon the same plan. In other parts of the United States such summer resorts are in process of establishment.

The railway is a great troubler of caste in India. Recently a native editor, living in Ahmedabad, has brought suit against a railroad company for allowing a person of an inferior caste to sit in the same carriage with him. The case, as the lawyers say, is still on.

It is the established practice of the Roman Catholic Church to discountenance secret societies outside of its own pale. The war between the Freemasons and the Church has never wholly ceased. In Brazil it has recently broken out with great violence. The Bishop of Pernambuco has excommunicated Catholic Freemasons, and refused them the Church's marriage and burial service. In this he has been sustained by his brother bishops. The result has been a popular indignation meeting and a riot. The people attacked and destroyed the furniture of the Jesuits' College of Pernambuco, and the contents of the office of the *Union*, an ultramontane paper.

The trouble has been referred to the Council of State, which has ordered the bishop to restore the excommunicated within one month, and in future to obey the laws of the empire. The ground of this decision is that the papal bull against Masonry had not received the imperial *placet*.

The ministerial sustentation scheme of the Presbyterian Church in the United States has already been crowned with success. The Home Mission Board report that 450 out of 500 of their missionaries receive what is equivalent to \$1000 yearly, which probably makes them the best-paid band of missionaries in the country. "In addition to this," as we learn from the *Presbyterian*, "the Committee on Sustentation have brought a number of pastors to the point where their salaries, from all sources, foot up \$1000. There are a large number of pastors, not connected with any board or committee, whose salaries are above \$1000, and many of them greatly in excess of this sum. Taking all these facts into consideration, the average salary of the employed ministers of the Presbyterian Church in this country is fully \$1000 a year."

The Albrights, or German Methodists, make a good showing in their statistics for 1873. They report 83,195 members, 1091 churches, valued at \$2,391,047. There has been an increase in every department during the year.

The recent ministerial defections from the German Reformed Church to Rome have excited some apprehensions among its leading minds. The *Reformed Church Monthly* announces that a union, to be known as the *Ursinus Union*, has been formed for the purpose of "preserving the honorable past record of the Reformed Church, and transmitting to posterity its precious heirlooms of the past." Some six or more ministers are named as having abjured Protestantism. According to the *Reformed Church Messenger*, this Church has 110,551 communicants.

According to the London *Tablet*, the following is the result of the liberation of the persecuted Christians of Japan in consequence of the publication of the new edicts: "On the 26th April 671 native Christians had arrived at Ourakami from their places of exile, viz., 52 from the province of Kichou, 87 from Bingo, 39 from Aki, 102 from Nagato, 284 from Sats'ma, and 107 from Owari. Prisoners from Caga, to the number of 470, had been seen on their way home at Kobe and Ozaca; and on the 1st May 100 from the province of Yamato had arrived at Kobe, and news had been received of the deliverance of the Christians in the provinces of Tosa and Awa." Monseigneur Petitjean, who sends this information, sums up the matter thus: "There is for the moment actual toleration; there is not as yet legal toleration. The Japanese Minister of Foreign Affairs had declared to the French chargé d'affaires that it was 'not toleration, but a step toward toleration.'"

The "religious mosquito" is the name given by an English paper to a nuisance known in the New World as well as in the Old. We append the description of this pest for the benefit of the sufferers, who may take comfort in the fact that their experience is not exceptional. Here it is: "Who has not been tormented at some time by that pestilent, persistent fellow whom, for want of a better name, we will call the religious mosquito? The religious mosquito is very small, but he has a wonderful sting. He is hard to see, but you can always hear him. Here he comes. What a contemptible, vicious song he sings—hum-m-m, buz-z-z! You put out your hand to brush him away; he has gone; no, he has only shifted to the other side. You make another pass at him; but he has eluded you, and there he is back again. You catch yourself a ringing slap on the cheek, but you did not catch *him*. There is silence a moment; and here he is again, singing his dreary song louder than ever. You will not get rid of him till he has had his fill of your blood or you have fled. The religious mosquito is a man who has got lodged in his head a small idea (generally erroneous) on some point of doctrine, experience, or practice, which he hums over and over, and makes the accompaniment to a vicious attack on his fellow-Christians. Who ever came off more than second best from an encounter with this contemptible, buzzing, unwearied fellow? He has an army of texts, a whole artillery train of wonderful, plausible comments, arguments, and explanations of the simplest passages of Scripture, that he dextrously draws up and manœuvres till we would not be surprised to see him prove by skillful exegesis of the Scriptures that the moon is made out of green cheese."

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

The much-vexed question as to the building of a fish-way across the dam in the Connecticut River at Holyoke, Massachusetts, has finally been settled in favor of the Fish Commissioners of the New England States, and the Dam Company has been ordered to construct a passage for the purpose which shall be satisfactory to the authorities. A meeting of the Commissioners of Vermont, New Hampshire, Massachusetts, and Connecticut was held at Holyoke on the 24th of June, at which were present Drs. Hatch and Fletcher, of New Hampshire; Dr. Edmunds, of Vermont; E. A. Brackett and Asa French, of Massachusetts; and Dr. Hudson and Messrs. Pike and Bill, of Connecticut.

After a careful consideration of the different forms of fish-way, the Commissioners selected that devised by Mr. Brackett, constituting No. 2 of his report for 1873. The grade of this was to be of one foot in fifteen, with a width of twelve feet in the clear, and a channel of two feet through the bulkhead, two feet in general depth, and never carrying less than twenty inches.

Now that the case has been decided against it, the company exhibits a most friendly spirit, and expresses its determination to carry out the desires of the Commissioners to the fullest extent. Should the result be as anticipated by these gentlemen, shad and salmon will soon be restored to their free run to the upper waters of the river, from which they have been excluded for so many years by the dam referred to.

The Centennial Commission having in charge the inauguration and conduct of the Great Exhibition of 1876 in Philadelphia, have already made most commendable progress. Committees from their number, having in charge special departments of the vast scheme, are in constant session, and the general outline of the work seems to have been fully developed. The site for the buildings used for the occasion has already been selected in Philadelphia's beautiful park, and the formal transfer of the ground by the city authorities to the control of the Centennial Commissioners took place, with the imposing ceremonies befitting the occasion, on the Fourth of July. The decoration of the ground for the purpose, the planting of shade trees, etc., will be taken in hand at once. The Commission designs to offer the plans for the buildings to open competition, and have already communicated that intention. There will be prizes given for several of the more successful plans. The committee having this portion of the work in charge are fully impressed with the necessity of having abundant time for the erection and proper preparation of the Exhibition buildings, and it is sincerely to be wished that, unlike most similar instances, the opening day will find every thing in readiness.

American naturalists are congratulating themselves upon the acquisition by Professor Marsh, for the museum at Yale College, of the finest specimen of pterodactyl yet discovered. This was recently found in Bavaria, and was especially characterized by exhibiting distinct indications of the membranes connecting the bones of the wing, which in this respect somewhat resembled those of the bat. Of the numerous specimens of this flying reptile in public and private museums no others have exhibited this character to any thing like the same degree, and much emulation was excited in regard to its acquisition. It is understood that the British Museum, the Berlin Museum, the Museum of Comparative Zoology at Cambridge, and other great establishments were all negotiating for the purchase; but Professor Marsh was the only one who gave carte blanche by telegraph to the owner, authorizing him to name his price.

Another important addition made by the professor to the museum of Yale is the Zeltner collection of Central American antiquities, gathered by Mr. Zeltner during a period of several years' service as French consul at Panama. The collection embraces a very fine series of gold images from the Chiriqui graves, as well as about a hundred pieces of pottery. They constitute the originals of the illustrations of Zeltner in his work on the antiquities of Chiriqui.

From an exhaustive sketch of the arctic campaign of 1873, published in the June number of *Ocean Highways*, we learn that the latest news from the *Tegethof*, which conveys the Austrian expedition, was up to August last, when she was pushing onward around Nova Zembla with a view of obtaining a position for winter-quarters near Cape Chelyuskin, the extreme northern point of Siberia. Nothing further has been heard from the Swedish Spitzbergen expedition. Mr. Leigh Smith started on the 10th of May on his third voyage of discovery in the Spitzbergen seas, having chartered for the purpose Mr. Lamont's steamer, the *Diana*. Mr. Smith's vessel, the *Sampson*, is to be stationed in Cobbe's Bay, near the northwestern point of Spitzbergen, as

a relief boat in case of any accident to the other vessel. The *Diana* had already been spoken off the northern part of Spitzbergen. A large whaling fleet from Peterhead, consisting of eight steamers, will visit the eastern coast of Greenland during the season, among them the *Eclipse* and the *Hope*, commanded by two brothers, Captains DAVID and GEORGE GRAY, both of them gentlemen who have added much to our knowledge of the geography and history of the high north.

There will be ten whale and sealing steamers from Dundee to Baffin Bay, all well strengthened for ice navigation with either iron angles around the bows or iron stem pieces, and side pieces of iron like the *Diana*. The bows are sharp, so that they can charge the ice at full speed, rise to it about six feet, and then come down upon it with crushing force.

All these vessels have been instructed as to the more interesting problems of arctic inquiry, and some valuable facts are expected from them on their return. The first of these whalers left on the 30th of April, and by the 3d of May nearly all of them had started. One of these, the *Arctic*, under command of Captain ADAMS, was accompanied by Commander R. H. MARKHAM, of the Royal Navy, as a passenger, who proceeds to Baffin Bay to acquire a knowledge of all details connected with navigation in the ice, probably with reference to the proposed arctic expedition on the part of the British government. Another of these steamers, the *Erick*, under Captain WALKER, is accompanied by a young sportsman, Mr. RICKERBY.

The *Weekly Weather Chronicle* of the Army Signal-office gives the following summary for the week ending August 6, 1873: Two areas of low barometer have been observed to pass from Dakota and Manitoba eastward over the lakes. An area of high barometer, with cool clear weather, has advanced southeastward, and now covers nearly the entire country between the Mississippi Valley and the Atlantic. Local thunder and rain storms seem to have prevailed specially in Minnesota, Illinois, the Gulf coasts, and the South Atlantic States. The rain-fall, however, has not been reported as heavy except at St. Paul, Memphis, and Charleston, and may possibly have been unusually light over the country generally, if we may judge from the frequent mention of clear weather and the state of the rivers. The latter are, with one exception, uniformly lower than at the beginning of the week. The Missouri has fallen one and two feet; the Mississippi, from one to five feet; the Cumberland, two and four feet. The Ohio River is the only one that is reported rising.

In the death of Mr. WILLIAM S. SULLIVANT, which took place at Columbus, Ohio, on the 30th of April last, the United States has lost one of its most accomplished botanists, especially in the department of the mosses, in which he was the recognized head for many years. From a biographical notice published by Professor GRAY in the *American Journal of Science* we learn that Mr. SULLIVANT was born in 1803, near Columbus, in which vicinity he resided the greater part of his life. His first publication appeared under the title of *Musci Alleghanienses*, a work on the mosses and liverworts of the Alleghany Mountains, illustrated by prepared specimens of the plants themselves. This was shortly after 1843, and a few years later a work on the same subject was published in successive numbers as a memoir of the American Academy. The section of Mosses and Hepaticæ in Professor GRAY'S *Botany of the Northern United States* was prepared by Mr. SULLIVANT, and credited to his pen. A separate edition was subsequently published by the author.

A work on the mosses of Cuba was prepared by him, illustrated by specimens collected by Mr. CHARLES WRIGHT. He also published, in 1859, the account of the mosses collected by the WILKES expedition. The most important of Mr. SULLIVANT'S publications, however, consists of his *Icones Muscorum*, being "figures and descriptions of most of those mosses peculiar to Eastern North America which have not been heretofore figured"—this forming an imperial octavo volume with 129 copper-plates. It is stated by Professor GRAY that a second or supplementary volume of *Icones* was in preparation by Mr. SULLIVANT, and was nearly completed at the time of his death.

Among the numerous expeditions undertaken during the present summer for the purpose of making a thorough exploration of the geography and natural history of the far West, that of Professor MARSH deserves especial mention. The labors of this gentleman and his assistants for several years past are well known and appreciated, in view of the vast additions he has been able to make to American vertebrate paleontology. His present expedition is in no way inferior in magnitude to its predecessors, and, it is hoped, will surpass any of them in its results. The professor, with a working party of fifteen assistants, and escorted by two companies of the Third Cavalry, left Fort Macpherson on the 17th of June for the Niobrara region, hoping to spend five or six weeks in its exploration; and after an absence of several weeks, during which he was very successful in his labors, returned again to Fort Macpherson, and proceeded to explore the tertiary beds of Wyoming. After this is accomplished he proposes to visit the Pacific coast, and to remain there until December.

We find in *Ocean Highways* a sketch of certain explorations in Australia in 1872, organized by Baron F. VON MÜLLER, of Melbourne, and commanded by Mr. ERNEST GILES. The result of their labors has been to fill in much topographical detail between 129° and 134° east longitude and 23° and 25° south latitude.

There has been considerable discussion in Newfoundland in regard to the policy to be adopted by the government in reference to the Atlantic Cable Company, as it is well known that the period of twenty years granted by Newfoundland for the exclusive privilege of landing will shortly expire. The government seems inclined to do all in its power to prevent this from continuing a monopoly, and, according to the St. Johns *Chronicle*, proposals to the following effect have been made to the company—namely, that the company shall of itself abandon the monopoly of landing telegraph cables on this island, and, in consideration of which the colony will forego its right of pre-emption till April next, the company to be placed in all respects on the same footing as any other company which may land cables here, and to pay the same toll as any other company on messages passing over the island. Should these terms not be accepted, the government proposes to fall back on the charter and claim the right of pre-emption.

Mr. C. B. BAGSTER, of Vineland, New Jersey, makes a very important suggestion to fish-culturists, which is worthy of their serious consideration. It is well known that the successful rearing of fish in limited inclosures depends very largely upon the cost of the animal food which it is always necessary to supply if a considerable yield is desired; and in view of the fact that the poorest refuse of butcher's-meat will cost from three to ten cents a pound, and that a trout is said to require ten to fifteen times its weight of food to double its size, the economy of the operation, unless a very high price is realized for the fish, is very doubtful.

Mr. BAGSTER proposes to make use of refuse fish, desiccated and chopped fine, for this purpose, suggesting that this can readily be accomplished in connection with some establishments that convert fish into manure. Every day thousands of tons of sharks, skates, menhaden, and many other fish are thrown away, or converted into a coarse manure worth but a small sum per pound. Should dried fish be found available for the purpose proposed, it can readily be supplied in immense quantity, and probably at a rate not to exceed one-half of a cent or one cent a pound.

We commend this suggestion on the part of Mr. BAGSTER to the attention of fish-culturists, and hope that the experiment will be tried, if it has not been done already, and the result given to the public. Mr. BAGSTER especially draws attention to the fact that the feeding of fish with desiccated fish-meat is simply giving to them their natural food, and that to which, in a somewhat different form, it is true, they owe their principal growth.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

THE long-enduring public will at length be able to walk through those portions of Fulton, South, and Beekman streets which surround Fulton Market with comparative freedom. Oysters, clams, soup, coffee and cakes, will no more be served over the gutters; nor will fruit be sold on the outer edge of the sidewalk. Foot passengers will no longer be forced to turn aside to avoid the motley crowd that stand blocking up the thoroughfare and devouring slices of water-melon, apples, peaches, and bananas in the most primitive manner. The sidewalk booths and stalls have fallen victims to the just vengeance of the Board of Health. Of course such a proceeding was much against the wishes of those who are thus turned out of sale stands which they have long occupied; but the thousands who pass from Brooklyn to New York and back again every day breathe more freely, and their eyes are gladdened by the removal of many disagreeable sights. Some of the street stand holders applied to the Supreme Court for an order to restrain this threatened action of the Board of Health. In the decision of the judge he said, in substance, that by his construction of the statute the Board of Health have full power, even on a personal examination, to declare a place a nuisance. It is not necessary in every instance to have the formality of sworn evidence before them. They can take such evidence as in their judgment satisfies them that any place or occupation is dangerous to health. They can make the entry in their books and serve a notice on the parties, and give them an opportunity to be heard, and then they have a right to abate the nuisance. If the statute is harsh and oppressive when carried out, the remedy of the party aggrieved is by appeal to the law-making power for its repeal or modification. If the public officers enforcing it exceed their powers, or do an act unauthorized by the statute, or act not in good faith, the remedy is by actions for damages against these officers.

"Newport fog," which has the reputation of being thick enough to "cut with a knife," takes the starch out of ladies' dresses and the crimp out of their hair; but, as a compensation for these annoyances, it is said to be better than any cosmetic for the complexion.

Many of the Western States are enduring the plague of grasshoppers—a fact which is not pleasant for farmers. Certain sections of Iowa are reported to be enveloped in clouds of these insects. The Alleghany Mountains will prove some barrier to the destructive army which would otherwise move rapidly into the Middle States. It is said that by sweeping over the foliage and grass with a light net early in the morning, while the insects are yet inactive, and not as sprightly as during the heat of the day, thousands of them can be caught, and, when scalded, afford fine and palatable food to the poultry and pigs. It is comforting to know that they can be made useful in any way.

At Tompkinsville, Staten Island, there is a pleasant mansion on high land, with eight acres of ground tastefully laid out. This is a "Home," organized by Mrs. Anson Phelps Stokes, for the reception of a limited number of poor children. Infants are received at the rate of $8 a month, and children who can walk for $6 a month, though many of the inmates are on the "free list." A competent gentleman takes charge of this institution, and his wife is matron. Every thing about the house and grounds is cleanly and attractive, and the children are well clothed and abundantly fed.

A sufferer who experiences nightly tortures desires to know how to prevent nightmare. The answer is short and simple—eat less for supper.

In 1624 the city of Bremen purchased twelve hogsheads of Rudesheimer wine at 300 gold thalers apiece. They were placed in municipal cellars, where they still remain, being now about 250 years old. The calculation made is that these hogsheads, reckoning interest at five per cent., will at the end of 1874 have cost 790,680,000 Prussian thalers. The waste of wine from evaporation is always estimated at five per cent. per annum; there remain, consequently, only 465 bottles of the original supply. This annual loss has been made up by means of old wine found in the cellar. Calculating the price of a bottle of this wine at one thaler only, the 216,000 bottles which will have been thus added by the end of 1874 will be worth 3,427,990,000 thalers, granting the same rate of interest—five per cent. At the end of next year the twelve hogsheads thus replenished will have cost 4,218,500,000 thalers, giving an average of 244,132 thalers per bottle. The hogsheads are not, however, all of the same value. They are filled up on a system by which the wine added must in the course of time pass through all the eleven hogsheads before reaching the last, which contains the oldest and most precious liquid, each drop of which, reckoning a bottle at 1000 drops, is now worth 56,000 thalers.

Lake Pharaoh, not far from Schroon Lake, in the Adirondack region, is chiefly famous for its trout, than which none in the world are finer in flavor or more beautiful in color. They are the genuine spotted variety.

The Queen, an English fashion journal, has a unique department called "The Exchange," which often contains odd and amusing notices. Every imaginable article seems to have become burdensome to its owner, or an eager desire has arisen to become possessed of something unattainable except by sacrificing what is already one's own. For example:

"What offers for several yards of Mechlin lace? I wish particularly for a good Dandie Dinmont dog."

"I have a pair of donkey panniers, scarcely used. Would like in exchange modern point square for body or large sleeves."

"I have a beautiful Berlin china breakfast service, tray, two cups and saucers, coffee-pot, milk jug, and sugar basin. Want in exchange good Brussels lace or drawing-room ornaments in old china."

This last advertisement, being signed *Honeymoon*, leads to the inference that some young housekeeper got tired of trying to please her lord by a tasteful laying of the breakfast-table, and concluded to devote her energies to the adornment of her parlors. We doubt if any one in New York will care to answer the following:

"I have a pair of rats, white, and black and white, with a litter of thirteen young ones a month old. What offers in exchange?"

Rats are not so rare here that thirteen young ones would be a temptation to the most eager speculator. The next advertisement that catches our eye is pathetic:

"A quiet home desired: pure white male Persian kitten, pure gray female. Open to offers."

And also:

"I will give a pair of skates or a set of good novels, *Kenilworth*, *Peveril of the Peak*, *Patronage*, or several others (list sent), in exchange for an Angora kitten; it will have a good home."

"Wanted, a white Angora female cat or kitten. Can give an atmospheric churn, only once or twice used."

This one tells a little history of its own:

"Honiton point collar, large size, in vandykes, suitable for boy's tunic, once cleaned; two Honiton appliqué Dolly Varden caps, handsome large black antique veil, work all over, above 1 yd. square, in good condition; 5 yds. antique black valuable lace, two different patterns and widths, to exchange. Want invalid's bed or chair to draw out, air cushion, spring mattress, eider-down quilt, any thing for an invalid preferred."

One might weave a romantic story with this for a text—one which might be true in the general, though false in details, but none the less entertaining to the imagination. "The Exchange" reveals many things to a lively fancy, and is always amusing.

The restoration of old books and manuscripts has become an industrial art in Paris, and has been raised by a few experts to marvelous perfection. No book, however worn or injured, is considered by them beyond their transforming touch. Inveterate stains are removed, holes gnawed by rats or eaten by worms are filled up, missing lines and leaves replaced, and margins remade of the exact color of the original. Ornamental frontispieces, vignettes, coats of arms, etc., are all imitated with a wonderful degree of exactness. Such restoration is, of course, expensive.

A musical academy for the French army is about to be established by the Minister of War, to which men in each regiment who show any special talent will be sent for training. Arrangements are also made to encourage the composition of music suited to military bands.

Foods, a recently published book, by Dr. Edward Smith, of London, contains some ideas in regard to tea and coffee which may be new to many. It asserts that tea is a most powerful respiratory excitant, its principal use being to cause the assimilation and transformation of other foods, and is especially adapted to those who eat too heartily, when the process of assimilation should be quickened, but is less adapted to the ill fed and during fasting. Coffee is more fitted for the poor than tea, and also better for the feeble. It is also more useful for breakfast, because then the skin is active and the heart's action feeble. Milk, Dr. Smith says, contains all the elements of nutrition, and in the most digestible form. Fish is said to be "especially fitted for the use of those who perform much brain-work, or who are the victims of much anxiety or distress."

Since 1830 there have been lost from Gloucester, Massachusetts, in the fishing and coasting business, no less than 1251 lives and 281 vessels.

A story is told of a lawyer who employed all the odd minutes which would otherwise have been wasted by his wife's lack of punctuality in writing a book. The result was, at the end of fifteen years, a book in three volumes quarto, which has met with a large sale, and is much esteemed. The moral drawn from this anecdote is that if every body realized how much precious time is lost, punctuality would be more esteemed. But a query arises: if the above-mentioned wife had been punctual, would this much-valued book have been written? Perhaps she should have some credit for the result, after all!

Water from wells still remaining in crowded cities is wholly unsuitable to drink. The sources of these water veins have become vitiated by percolating through ground impregnated with the drainage of gutters and sewers.

A portable traveling bed which can be rolled up like a shawl in a cylindrical package about two feet long is one of the latest inventions of this progressive age. It consists of a light hair mattress, a single or double air pillow, a fine woolen coverlet, a camp-stool, and attachments and cords for arranging the whole contrivance as a hammock.

Ninety million tons of pure, solid, compact rock-salt, located on an island about one hundred and eighty-five feet high, which rises from a miserable sea marsh on the route from Brashear to New Iberia, up the river Teche, in Louisiana, is one of the wonders of the world. How this island, containing over three hundred thousand acres of excellent land, ever came into existence in such a locality is a matter of conjecture. Vegetation is prolific, and the scenery is beautiful and varied. Here is an immense bed of pure rock-salt whose extent is as yet only estimated, and scientific men are puzzled to know what produced it.

We have heard of a little three-year-old girl who did not want to kiss the family good-night, but was commanded to do it. She went through the performance conscientiously, but as she kissed the last one she heaved a sigh of relief and exclaimed "Amen." It would seem to be self-evident that forcing children to give what is commonly regarded as a token of affection is not only foolish, but harmful. It takes away the simple beauty and value of such acts when they are spontaneous. We have seen children who were expected, even when quite a number of mere acquaintances were present in the parlor, to go around and kiss every one good-night when their bed-time came. It certainly could not have been a pleasant task. Children should be taught to be polite on all occasions, and may well be encouraged to be free and natural in demonstrations of affection, but why should they, more than grown people, be required to give special tokens of love on all occasions, and to every body?

Ammonia is a useful household article which it is worth while to keep on hand for common purposes. It is excellent for cleansing paint, silver, and glass; a tea-spoonful put in the water produces a wonderful effect. Wherever there is grease to be removed, ammonia is efficacious. Consequently it is excellent for cleaning hair-brushes. Indeed, it is an almost indispensable toilet article. A tea-spoonful in a basin of water makes a refreshing bath, which removes all disagreeable odors. Plants flourish luxuriantly under the administration of doses of ammonia. A few drops added to a pint of water is a harmless stimulant to their growth, when not repeated oftener than once a week. Ammonia should always be kept in a bottle with a glass stopper, and the concentrated spirits should be used with care.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

THE strong figure of speech with which Corney illustrated the great size of Ameriky has also a hit at the Scotch which they will relish as well as they do punch. "Where did baccy come from?" inquired Mary. "Why, from 'Meriky, where else?" replied Corney, "that sent us the first petaty. Long life to it for both, says I!" "What sort of a place is that, I wonder?" "'Meriky! They tell me it's mighty sizable, Moll, darlin'. I'm told that you might roll England through it an' it would hardly make a dint in the ground. There's a fresh-water ocean inside of it that you might dhrown Ireland in, and save Father Mathew a wonderful sight of throuble; an' as for Scotland, you might stick it in a corner of one of their forests, an' you'd never be able to find it except it might be by the smell of the whisky!"

"Who is he?" asked a passer-by of a policeman, who was endeavoring to lift a drunken man from the gutter. "Can't say, Sir," replied the officer; "he can't give any account of himself." "Of course not," rejoined the stranger; "how can you expect an *account* from a man who has lost his *balance*?"

What prevents the running river running away?—Why, it's tide up.

Hartford has a young gentleman operator, who, after repeated calls for a young lady operator in another office, at last got a response, and then "click, click, click" (fortissimo), he telegraphed back to her, vehemently, "I have been trying to get you for the last half hour!" In a moment the following spicy reply came tripping back to him over the wires from the telegraphic maiden: "That's nothing. There is a young man here who has been trying to do the same thing for the last two years, and he hasn't got me yet."

Sweetening one's coffee is generally the first stirring event of the day.

A Missourian who stole a kiss from a pretty girl was fined by a magistrate, horsewhipped by her brother, and worried into a brain-fever by his wife. The clergyman also alluded to the affair in his sermon, the local editor took sides with the clergyman, and reviewed the case in print, and the potato-bug ate up every blade of the malefactor's wheat crop.

An Iowa clergyman who had a donation-party lately has beans enough to last thirty-seven years.

In the pine barrens of Michigan, not a thousand miles from Grand Rapids, but four miles away from any other dwelling, is a miserable shanty of log shingles, bearing the following sign:

"This is Uncle Dan Thomases,
Who always keeps his promises;
His victuals and beer
And other good cheer
Can't be beat *about here*."

It has got so hot for some of the monks in Rome that they are going to Chili.

Not long ago, in the Court of Appeals, a certain lawyer of Celtic extraction, while arguing with earnestness his case, stated a point, and then proceeded, "And if the Court plaze, if I am wrong in this, I have another point that is equally conclusive."

"You hev heern, gentlemen of the jury," said an eloquent advocate—"you hev heern the witness swar he saw the prisoner raise his gun, you hev heern him swar he saw the flash and heerd the report, you hev heern him swar he saw the dog fall dead, you hev heern him swar he dug the bullet out with his jack-knife, and you hev seen the bullet produced in court; but whar, gentlemen, whar, I ask you, is the man who saw that bullet hit that dog?"

What vegetable is any thing but agreeable on board a ship?—A leek.

Some people can not understand how two lawyers who contend so furiously against each other in court should be friends. The following is leveled at the heads of those who feign hostility in the way of business:

"Two lawyers, when a knotty case was o'er,
Shook hands, and were as good friends as before.
'Zounds!' cries the losing client, 'how came you
To be such friends who were such foes just now?'
'Thou fool!' one answered, 'lawyers, though so keen,
Like shears, ne'er cut themselves, but what's between!'"

An exasperated Bostonian is rushing around with unshaven face, and demanding to know if these women will never learn any thing. The slight cause for all his mental disturbance is found in the fact that one of his daughters had used one of his razors to cut maple-sugar with, and another had taken its mate to sharpen her lead-pencil with, while his wife had rendered his shaving-brush somewhat too stiff for its original purpose by using it in gluing some broken furniture.

THE VIRGIN MARY'S LETTER-BOX—ROMISH SUPERSTITIONS.—[SEE PAGE 746.]

BURNING THE PRAYERS—CHINESE SUPERSTITIONS.—[See Page 746.]

THE VIRGIN MARY'S LETTER-BOX.

ROMISH SUPERSTITIONS.

In South America and Mexico a singular superstition is diligently fostered by the Roman Catholic priesthood, which pretends to have established a direct postal service between earth and heaven. In nearly every Romish church throughout those countries is to be found a letter-box, firmly secured near the altar, and dedicated to the Virgin Mary. Through a slit in the lid of this receptacle all those who are desirous of communicating with the Holy Virgin drop their letters, with the full assurance that they will reach their destination. There are no regular rates of postage, but the crafty priests have made it pretty well understood that the larger the gift contained in a letter the sooner will an answer be returned. Rarely does one of these letters contain less than a silver dollar; and as the celestial mail is largely patronized by the wealthy classes, who would shrink from sending any thing less precious than gold or jewelry, the revenue derived by the priesthood from this source alone is immense.

In former times the Virgin's letter-box was secured outside the church door, and the letters were generally posted under cover of darkness. But this was found to give occasion to great scandals. Jealous husbands and lovers were in the habit of abstracting letters from the box by means of a thin strip of wood, one end of which was smeared with some sticky substance, to which the letters adhered. Many duels occurred in consequence of secrets coming to light which were intended only for the eye of the Holy Virgin; and as the pilferers were not particular to return the gifts found in the letters, great loss of revenue was sustained by the priesthood. To remedy these grievances the letter-box was removed to the vicinity of the altar, and made still more secure by locks and bars.

The manner of sending these letters to their destination, as shown in our illustration on page 744, is as follows: Finding themselves suspected of destroying the missives and appropriating their valuable contents, the priests hit upon the plan of burning the letters in public once a month, before the image of the Virgin. This is made a very solemn and imposing ceremony. The box is emptied of its contents in the sight of the whole congregation, who are led to believe it has remained untouched until that moment, upon a large silver salver; the pile is lighted from a consecrated candle, and the messages are supposed to ascend in smoke and flame into the presence of the Holy Virgin, accompanied by solemn strains of music and the prayers of the faithful. When the pile is reduced to ashes, these are deposited at the feet of the image of Mary, and the fair correspondents, who have watched the scene with breathless interest, are assured that answers will be returned in due season through the medium of the confessional. As the priests read all the letters, it is, of course, easy for them to invent replies suited to the requirements of every case. Thus the Holy Virgin's letter-box (el buzon de la Virgen) is made not only a rich source of revenue to the priesthood, but another means for fastening upon the people one of the most effective devices of the Romish Church for strengthening their influence over the ignorant and the superstitious.

Nowhere in the world, except in some parts of the West Indies, is the Romish priesthood so debased, as a general rule, as in South America and Mexico. This is the unanimous testimony of travelers. Ignorant to the last degree, drunkenness their normal condition, they exhibit the sad spectacle of religious teachers, or those whose office should make them such, the leaders in the worst forms of debauchery and licentiousness. They are constant attendants at the cock-pit and the bull-fight: indeed, it is no uncommon thing for a priest to hasten from the Sunday morning mass, with a fighting-cock under his arm, to take part in this demoralizing amusement. It is not to be wondered at that the people should be degraded, ignorant, and superstitious, when such are the conditions and habits of their religious teachers. Among the lower classes especially every family keeps the image or picture of a saint, as a sort of fetich, which they consider bound to look after their interests. If it fails to do so, they do not hesitate to punish it well for its neglect. When prayers are found to be of no avail they remonstrate with it, scold it roundly, and sometimes administer severe chastisement. If scolding and beating fail to bring it to a sense of duty, it is thrown out of the window with every mark of indignity, and another procured in its place, to be in turn subjected to the same treatment. The position of family saint in South America and Mexico is no sinecure.

Among a population so ignorant and degraded it is not surprising that a superstition like that of the Virgin Mary's letter-box should flourish. But, after all, what is this but a grosser form of the superstitions fostered by the Romish priesthood in more enlightened and more intelligent countries? Have we not seen how all France went wild over the pretended apparition of the Virgin Mary near the little village of Lourdes, in the Pyrenees, and how M. Thiers publicly rebuked those who cast ridicule upon the pilgrims to the favored shrine? Our readers will remember also the pilgrimage made by two hundred members of the French National Assembly to Lourdes for the purpose of paying homage to "Our Lady." That an ignorant peasantry could be imposed upon by a story invented by a sick girl, at the instigation of the priesthood, is not to be wondered at, but it is passing strange that two hundred members of a body of men supposed to represent the culture and intelligence of the French people should lend their official sanction to so palpable an imposture. South America and Mexico are, after all, not very far behind France in religious degradation. It requires no great stretch of superstition to pass from faith in the apparition at Lourdes to the belief that the Virgin receives and answers the messages that ascend in smoke and flame before her shrine.

BURNING THE PRAYERS.

CHINESE SUPERSTITIONS.

The Chinese have imported into San Francisco, where they have erected a large temple, or Joss-house, many of the heathenish observances and superstitions of their native land. Among these is the singular custom of burning prayers before the image of one of their many deities, as represented in our illustration on page 745. Our Celestial brethren have queer notions in regard to offering prayers, peculiarities shared by the people of Japan. Devout and religious in their way, they appear to have an antipathy to the labor of saying prayers, and resort to a variety of devices to relieve themselves of this mental drudgery. As Englishmen and Americans invent calculating machines, the Chinese contrive praying boxes, which, placed before an idol, unroll a strip of paper on which the petitions are inscribed. This is supposed to have all the efficacy of oral prayer, with the advantage that the petitioner meanwhile can be attending to his worldly business or pleasure. We have read of one thrifty and ingenious Chinaman whose praying machine was attached to a water-wheel by the side of a running stream—an arrangement which absolved him from all care and anxiety in regard to his devotions. Day and night the praying wheel went round and round, and its owner had the satisfaction of knowing that, waking or asleep, he was always praying.

Another method is that of burning prayers before an image, which is done either in a private dwelling or publicly in a temple. The vending of ready-made prayers is a profitable business. They are printed on slips of paper, and a man's devotion is limited only by the resources of his pocket. Taking the slips home, or into a temple, the devout worshiper lights them in the flame of the lamp or candle which burns before the image of his deity, and with immense inward satisfaction, if not edification, watches the smoke ascend into the air. Sticks of incense are burned in the same manner, a form of worship supposed to be especially acceptable to the divinities.

Analogous to this custom is that which prevails among the Chinese in California and Cuba of sending home letters by the dead. When a Chinaman dies abroad his spirit is supposed to return to his native land, and all his countrymen, far and near, intrust him with letters to their friends and relatives at home. The missives are laid around his dead body until it is inclosed in the coffin for burial or transportation—for no Chinaman willingly allows his remains to be buried in alien soil—when they are solemnly burned, and the soul of the deceased is supposed to carry the messages with him to the shores of the Celestial Empire, and there faithfully deliver them. There is no return mail by spiritual messengers, for the ghost of no deceased Chinaman is ever supposed to visit alien shores. The failure to receive replies to their letters, therefore, does not lessen their faith in the dead man's post.

LEGENDS OF THE ROSE-TREE.

The Greek poets say that the rose was originally white, but that it was changed to red, according to some, from the blood of Venus, who lacerated her feet with its thorns when rushing to the aid of Adonis; and, according to others, from the blood of Adonis himself. The fragrance of the rose is said by the poets to be derived from a cup of nectar thrown over it by Cupid, and its thorns to be the stings of the bees with which his bow was strung. Another fable relating to the birth of the rose is that Flora, having found the dead body of one of her favorite nymphs, whose beauty could only be equaled by her virtue, implored the assistance of all the gods and goddesses to aid her in changing it into a flower which all others should acknowledge to be their queen. Apollo lent the vivifying power of his beams, Bacchus bathed it in nectar, Vertumnus gave it its perfume, Pomona its fruit, and Flora herself its corona of flowers.

A beetle is often represented on antique gems as expiring surrounded by roses; and this is supposed to be an emblem of a man enervated by luxury—the beetle being said to have such an antipathy to roses that the smell of them will cause its death. In this connection the reader will remember the term Sybarite, which arose from the youths of that town being so emasculated by luxury that a crumpled rose leaf disturbed their slumbers; and hence the term is typical of the race, which certainly flourishes in our day in undiminished numbers. Herodotus speaks of the double rose, and Solomon of the rose of Sharon, and of the plantation of roses at Jericho. Theophrastus tells us that the hundred-leaved rose grew in his time on Mount Pangæus; and it appears that the isle of Rhodes, or "Roses," received its name from the culture of the plant carried on there. Pliny mentions several sorts of roses which were known to the Romans, and which modern authors consider as the same as the Damascus, French, and cabbage roses. The ancients do not appear to have known either the yellow or the white rose, unless we except those which Pliny calls the roses of Alabanda, in Caria, which had whitish petals. Among the Romans the rose was an especial favorite. They garnished their dishes with it, and floated its petals on their Falernian wine; wore garlands of it at their feasts; strewed their banqueting apartments with its leaves; and their ladies used rose-water for their baths, and as a perfume.

(Continued from No. 868, page 736.)

PHINEAS REDUX.

By ANTHONY TROLLOPE,

Author of "Lady Anna," "He Knew he was Right," "Orley Farm," "Can You Forgive Her?" "The Small House at Allington," "Phineas Finn," etc., etc.

CHAPTER VII.

COMING HOME FROM HUNTING.

Lady Chiltern was probably right when she declared that her husband must have been made to be a Master of Hounds—presuming it to be granted that somebody must be Master of Hounds. Such necessity certainly does exist in this, the present condition of England. Hunting prevails; hunting men increase in numbers; foxes are preserved; farmers do not rebel; owners of coverts, even when they are not hunting men themselves, acknowledge the fact, and do not dare to maintain their pheasants at the expense of the much better beloved four-footed animal. Hounds are bred and horses are trained specially to the work. A master of fox-hounds is a necessity of the period. Allowing so much, we can not but allow also that Lord Chiltern must have been made to fill the situation. He understood hunting, and, perhaps, there was nothing else requiring acute intelligence that he did understand. And he understood hunting not only as a huntsman understands it—in that branch of the science which refers simply to the judicious pursuit of the fox, being probably inferior to his own huntsman in that respect—but he knew exactly what men should do, and what they should not. In regard to all those various interests with which he was brought in contact, he knew when to hold fast to his own claims, and when to make no claims at all. He was afraid of no one, but he was possessed of a sense of justice which induced him to acknowledge the rights of those around him. When he found that the earths were not stopped in Trumpeton Wood—from which he judged that the keeper would complain that the hounds would not or could not kill any of the cubs found there—he wrote in very round terms to the Duke who owned it. If his Grace did not want to have the wood drawn, let him say so. If he did, let him have the earths stopped. But when that great question came up as to the Gartlow coverts—when that uncommonly disagreeable gentleman, Mr. Smith, of Gartlow, gave notice that the hounds should not be admitted into his place at all—Lord Chiltern soon put the whole matter straight by taking part with the disagreeable gentleman. The disagreeable gentleman had been ill used. Men had ridden among his young laurels. If gentlemen who did hunt—so said Lord Chiltern to his own supporters—did not know how to conduct themselves in a matter of hunting, how was it to be expected that a gentleman who did not hunt should do so? On this occasion Lord Chiltern rated his own hunt so roundly that Mr. Smith and he were quite in a bond together, and the Gartlow coverts were reopened. Now all the world knows that the Gartlow coverts, though small, are material as being in the very centre of the Brake country.

It is essential that a Master of Hounds should be somewhat feared by the men who ride with him. There should be much awe mixed with the love felt for him. He should be a man with whom other men will not care to argue; an irrational, cut and thrust, unscrupulous, but yet distinctly honest man; one who can be tyrannical, but will tyrannize only over the evil spirits; a man capable of intense cruelty to those alongside of him, but who will know whether his victim does in truth deserve scalping before he draws his knife. He should be savage and yet good-humored, severe and yet forbearing, truculent and pleasant in the same moment. He should exercise unflinching authority, but should do so with the consciousness that he can support it only by his own popularity. His speech should be short, incisive, always to the point, but never founded on argument. His rules are based on no reason, and will never bear discussion. He must be the most candid of men, also the most close—and yet never a hypocrite. He must condescend to no explanation, and yet must impress men with an assurance that his decisions will certainly be right. He must rule all as though no man's special welfare were of any account, and yet must administer all so as to offend none. Friends he must have, but not favorites. He must be self-sacrificing, diligent, eager, and watchful. He must be strong in health, strong in heart, strong in purpose, and strong in purse. He must be economical and yet lavish; generous as the wind and yet obdurate as the frost. He should be assured that of all human pursuits hunting is the best, and that of all living things a fox is the most valuable. He must so train his heart as to feel for the fox a mingled tenderness and cruelty which is inexplicable to ordinary men and women. His desire to preserve the brute and then to kill him should be equally intense and passionate. And he should do it all in accordance with a code of unwritten laws, which can not be learned without profound study. It may not perhaps be truly asserted that Lord Chiltern answered this description in every detail; but he combined so many of the qualities required that his wife showed her discernment when she declared that he seemed to have been made to be a Master of Hounds.

Early in that November he was riding home with Miss Palliser by his side, while the huntsmen and whips were trotting on with the hounds before him. "You call that a good run, don't you?"

"No, I don't."

"What was the matter with it? I declare it seems to me that something is always wrong. Men like hunting better than any thing else, and yet I never find any man contented."

"In the first place, we didn't kill."

"You know you're short of foxes at Gartlow," said Miss Palliser, who, as is the manner with all hunting ladies, liked to show that she understood the affairs of the hunt.

"If I knew there were but one fox in a county, and I got upon that one fox, I would like to kill that one fox—barring a vixen in March."

"I thought it very nice. It was fast enough for any body."

"You might go as fast with a drag, if that's all. I'll tell you something else. We should have killed him if Maule hadn't once ridden over the hounds when we came out of the little wood. I spoke very sharply to him."

"I heard you, Lord Chiltern."

"And I suppose you thought I was a brute."

"Who? I? No, I didn't—not particularly, you know. Men do say such things to each other!"

"He doesn't mind it, I fancy."

"I suppose a man does not like to be told that directly he shows himself in a run the sport is all over and the hounds ought to be taken home."

"Did I say that? I don't remember now what I said, but I know he made me angry. Come, let us trot on. They can take the hounds home without us."

"Good-night, Cox," said Miss Palliser, as they passed by the pack. "Poor Mr. Maule! I did pity him, and I do think he does care for it, though he is so impassive. He would be with us now, only he is chewing the cud of his unhappiness in solitude half a mile behind us."

"That is hard upon you."

"Hard upon me, Lord Chiltern! It is hard upon him, and, perhaps, upon you. Why should it be hard upon me?"

"Hard upon him, I should have said. Though why it shouldn't be the other way I don't know. He's a friend of yours."

"Certainly."

"And an especial friend, I suppose. As a matter of course, Violet talks to me about you both."

"No doubt she does. When once a woman is married she should be regarded as having thrown off her allegiance to her own sex. She is sure to be treacherous at any rate in one direction. Not that Lady Chiltern can tell any thing of me that might not be told to all the world as far as I am concerned."

"There is nothing in it, then?"

"Nothing at all."

"Honor bright?"

"Oh—honor as bright as it ever is in such matters as these."

"I am sorry for that—very sorry."

"Why so, Lord Chiltern?"

"Because if you were engaged to him I thought that perhaps you might have induced him to ride a little less forward."

"Lord Chiltern," said Miss Palliser, seriously, "I will never again speak to you a word on any subject except hunting."

At this moment Gerard Maule came up behind them, with a cigar in his mouth, apparently quite unconscious of any of that displeasure as to which Miss Palliser had supposed that he was chewing the cud in solitude. "That was a goodish thing, Chiltern," he said.

"Very good."

"And the hounds hunted him well to the end."

"Very well."

"It's odd how the scent will die away at a moment. You see, they couldn't carry on a field after we got out of the copse."

"Not a field."

"Considering all things, I am glad we didn't kill him."

"Uncommon glad," said Lord Chiltern. Then they trotted on in silence a little way, and Maule again dropped behind. "I'm blessed if he knows that I spoke to him roughly," said Chiltern. "He's deaf, I think, when he chooses to be."

"You're not sorry, Lord Chiltern."

"Not in the least. Nothing will ever do any good. As for offending him, you might as well swear at a tree, and think to offend it. There's comfort in that, anyway. I wonder whether he'd talk to you if I went away?"

"I hope that you won't try the experiment."

"I don't believe he would, or I'd go at once. I wonder whether you really do care for him?"

"Not in the least."

"Or he for you."

"Quite indifferent, I should say; but I can't answer for him, Lord Chiltern, quite as positively as I can for myself. You know, as things go, people have to play at caring for each other."

"That's what we call flirting."

"Just the reverse. Flirting I take to be the excitement of love without its reality, and without its ordinary result in marriage. This playing at caring has none of the excitement, but it often leads to the result, and sometimes ends in downright affection."

"If Maule perseveres, then, you'll take him, and by-and-by you'll come to like him."

"In twenty years it might come to that, if we were always to live in the same house; but as he leaves Harrington to-morrow, and we may probably not meet each other for the next four years, I think the chance is small."

Then Maule trotted up again, and after riding in silence with the other two for half an hour, he pulled out his case and lit a fresh cigar from the end of the old one, which he threw away. "Have a baccy, Chiltern?" he said.

"No, thank you, I never smoke going home; my mind is too full. I've all that family behind to think of, and I'm generally out of sorts with the miseries of the day. I must say another word to Cox, or I should have to go to the kennels on my way home." And so he dropped behind.

Gerard Maule smoked half his cigar before he spoke a word, and Miss Palliser was quite resolved that she would not open her mouth till he

had spoken. "I suppose he likes it?" he said at last.

"Who likes what, Mr. Maule?"

"Chiltern likes blowing fellows up."

"It's a part of his business."

"That's the way I look at it. But I should think it must be disagreeable. He takes such a deal of trouble about it. I heard him going on to-day to some one as though his whole soul depended on it."

"He is very energetic."

"Just so. I'm quite sure it's a mistake. What does a man ever get by it? Folks around you soon discount it, till it goes for nothing."

"I don't think energy goes for nothing."

"A bull in a china shop is not a useful animal, nor is he ornamental, but there can be no doubt of his energy. The hare was full of energy, but he didn't win the race. The man who stands still is the man who keeps his ground."

"You don't stand still when you're hunting."

"No; I ride about, and Chiltern swears at me. Every man is a fool sometimes."

"And your wisdom, perfect at all other times, breaks down in the hunting field?"

"I don't in the least mind your chaffing. I know what you think of me just as well as though you told me."

"What do I think of you?"

"That I'm a poor creature, generally half asleep, shallow-pated, slow-blooded, ignorant, useless, and unambitious."

"Certainly unambitious, Mr. Maule."

"And that word carries all the others. What's the good of ambition? There's the man they were talking about last night—that Irishman."

"Mr. Finn?"

"Yes; Phineas Finn. He is an ambitious fellow. He'll have to starve, according to what Chiltern was saying. I've sense enough to know I can't do any good."

"You are sensible, I must admit."

"Very well, Miss Palliser. You can say just what you like, of course. You have that privilege."

"I did not mean to say any thing severe. I do admit that you are master of a certain philosophy, for which much may be said. But you are not to expect that I shall express an approval which I do not feel."

"But I want you to approve it."

"Ah! there, I fear, I can not oblige you."

"I want you to approve it, though no one else may."

"Though all else should do so, I can not."

"Then take the task of curing the sick one and of strengthening the weak one into your own hands. If you will teach, perhaps I may learn."

"I have no mission for teaching, Mr. Maule."

"You once said that—that—"

"Do not be so ungenerous as to throw in my teeth what I once said—if I ever said a word that I would not now repeat."

"I do not think that I am ungenerous, Miss Palliser."

"I am sure you are not."

"Nor am I self-confident. I am obliged to seek comfort from such scraps of encouragement as may have fallen in my way here and there. I once did think that you intended to love me."

"Does love go by intentions?"

"I think so—frequently with men, and much more so with girls."

"It will never go so with me. I shall never intend to love any one. If ever I love any man it will be because I am made to do so."

"As a fortress is taken?"

"Well—if you like to put it so. Only I claim this advantage—that I can always get rid of my enemy when he bores me."

"Am I boring you now?"

"I didn't say so. Here is Lord Chiltern again, and I know by the rattle of his horse's feet that something is the matter."

Lord Chiltern came up full of wrath. One of the men's horses was thoroughly broken down, and, as the Master said, wasn't worth the saddle he carried. He didn't care a —— for the horse, but the man hadn't told him. "At this rate there won't be any thing to carry any body by Christmas."

"You'll have to buy some more," said Gerard Maule.

"Buy some more!" said Lord Chiltern, turning round and looking at the man. "He talks of buying horses as he would sugar-plums!" Then they trotted in at the gate, and in two minutes were at the hall door.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE ADDRESS.

Before the 11th of November, the day on which Parliament was to meet, the whole country was in a hubbub. Consternation and triumph were perhaps equally predominant and equally strong. There were those who declared that now at length was Great Britain to be ruined in actual present truth; and those who asserted that, of a sudden, after a fashion so wholly unexpected as to be divine—as great fires, great famines, and great wars are called divine—a mighty hand had been stretched out to take away the remaining incubus of superstition, priestcraft, and bigotry under which England had hitherto been laboring. The proposed disestablishment of the State Church of England was, of course, the subject of this diversity of opinion.

And there was not only diversity, but with it great confusion. The political feelings of the country are, as a rule, so well marked that it is easy, as to almost every question, to separate the sheep from the goats. With but few exceptions, one can tell where to look for the supporters and where for the opponents of one measure or of another. Meetings are called in this or in that public hall to assist or to combat the Minister of the day, and men know what they are about. But now it was not so. It was understood that Mr. Daubeny, the accredited leader of the Conservatives, was about to bring in the bill, but no one as yet knew who would support the bill. His own party, to a man—without a single exception—were certainly opposed to the measure in their minds. It must be so. It could not but be certain that they should hate it. Each individual sitting on the Conservative side in either House did most certainly within his own bosom cry Ichabod when the fatal news reached his ears. But such private opinions and inward wailings need not, and probably would not, guide the body. Ichabod had been cried before, though probably never with such intensity of feeling. Disestablishment might be worse than Free Trade or Household Suffrage, but was not more absolutely opposed to Conservative convictions than had been those great measures. And yet the party, as a party, had swallowed them both. To the first and lesser evil a compact little body of stanch Commoners had stood forth in opposition—but nothing had come of it to those true Britons beyond a feeling of living in the cool shade of exclusion. When the greater evil arrived, that of Household Suffrage—a measure which twenty years since would hardly have been advocated by the advanced Liberals of the day—the Conservatives had learned to acknowledge the folly of clinging to their own convictions, and had swallowed the dose without serious disruption of their ranks. Every man—with but an exception or two—took the measure up, some with faces so singularly distorted as to create true pity, some with an assumption of indifference, some with affected glee. But in the double process the party had become used to this mode of carrying on the public service. As poor old England must go to the dogs, as the doom had been pronounced against the country that it should be ruled by the folly of the many foolish, and not by the wisdom of the few wise, why should the few wise remain out in the cold—seeing, as they did, that by so doing no good would be done to the country? Dissensions among their foes did, when properly used, give them power—but such power they could only use by carrying measures which they themselves believed to be ruinous. But the ruin would be as certain should they abstain. Each individual might have gloried in standing aloof—in hiding his face beneath his toga, and in remembering that Rome did once exist in her splendor. But a party can not afford to hide its face in its toga. A party has to be practical. A party can only live by having its share of Garters, lord-lieutenants, bishops, and attorney-generals. Though the country were ruined, the party should be supported. Hitherto the party had been supported, and had latterly enjoyed almost its share of stars and Garters—thanks to the individual skill and strategy of that great English political Von Moltke, Mr. Daubeny.

And now what would the party say about the disestablishment of the Church? Even a party must draw the line somewhere. It was bad to sacrifice things mundane; but this thing was the very Holy of Holies! Was nothing to be conserved by a Conservative party? What if Mr. Daubeny were to explain some day to the electors of East Barsetshire that a hereditary peerage was an absurdity? What if in some rural nook of his Bœotia he should suggest in ambiguous language to the farmers that a Republic was the only form of Government capable of a logical defense? Duke had already said to Duke, and Earl to Earl, and Baronet to Baronet, that there must be a line somewhere. Bishops, as a rule, say but little to each other, and now were afraid to say any thing. The Church, which had been, which was, so truly beloved—surely that must be beyond the line! And yet there crept through the very marrow of the party an agonizing belief that Mr. Daubeny would carry the bulk of his party with him into the lobby of the House of Commons.

But if such was the dismay of the Conservatives, how shall any writer depict the consternation of the Liberals? If there be a feeling odious to the mind of a sober, hard-working man, it is the feeling that the bread he has earned is to be taken out of his mouth. The pay, the patronage, the powers, and the pleasure of Government were all due to the Liberals. "God bless my soul," said Mr. Ratler, who always saw things in a practical light, "we have a larger fighting majority than any party has had since Lord Liverpool's time. They have no right to attempt it. They are bound to go out." "There's nothing of honesty left in politics," said Mr. Bonteen, declaring that he was sick of the life. Barrington Erle thought that the whole Liberal party should oppose the measure. Though they were Liberals, they were not democrats—nor yet infidels. But when Barrington Erle said this, the great leaders of the Liberal party had not as yet decided on their ground of action.

There was much difficulty in reaching any decision. It had been asserted so often that the disestablishment of the Church was only a question of time that the intelligence of the country had gradually so learned to regard it. Who had said so, men did not know and did not inquire; but the words were spoken every where. Parsons with sad hearts—men who in their own parishes where enthusiastic, pure, pious, and useful—whispered them in the dead of the night to the wives of their bosoms. Bishops, who had become less pure by contact with the world at clubs, shrugged their shoulders and wagged their heads, and remembered comfortably the sanctity of vested interests. Statesmen listened to them with politeness, and did not deny that they were true. In the free intercourse of closest friendships the matter was discussed between ex-Secretaries of State. The Press teemed with the assertion that it was only a question of time. Some fervent, credulous friends predicted another century of life; some hard-hearted logical opponents thought that twenty years would put an end to the anomaly; a few stout enemies had sworn on the hustings with an anathema that the present session should see the deposition from her high place of this eldest daughter of the woman of Babylon. But none had expected the blow so soon as this; and none certainly had expected it from this hand.

But what should the Liberal party do? Ratler was for opposing Mr. Daubeny with all their force, without touching the merits of the case. It was no fitting work for Mr. Daubeny, and the suddenness of the proposition coming from such a quarter would justify them now and forever, even though they themselves should disestablish every thing before the session were over. Barrington Erle, suffering under a real political conviction for once in his life, was desirous of a positive and chivalric defense of the Church. He believed in the twenty years. Mr. Bonteen shut himself up in disgust. Things were amiss; and, as he thought, the evil was due to want of party zeal on the part of his own leader, Mr. Gresham. He did not dare to say this, lest, when the house door should at last be opened, he might not be invited to enter with the others; but such was his conviction. "If we were all a little less in the abstract, and a little more in the concrete, it would be better for us." Laurence Fitzgibbon, when these words had been whispered to him by Mr. Bonteen, had hardly understood them; but it had been explained to him that his friend had meant "men, not measures." When Parliament met, Mr. Gresham, the leader of the Liberal party, had not as yet expressed any desire to his general followers.

The Queen's Speech was read, and the one paragraph which seemed to possess any great public interest was almost a repetition of the words which Mr. Daubeny had spoken to the electors of East Barsetshire. "It will probably be necessary for you to review the connection which still exists between, and which binds together, the Church and the State." Mr. Daubeny's words had of course been more fluent, but the gist of the expression expressed was the same. He had been quite in earnest when addressing his friends in the country. And though there had been but an interval of a few weeks, the Conservative party in the two Houses heard the paragraph read without surprise and without a murmur. Some said that the gentlemen on the Treasury Bench in the House of Commons did not look to be comfortable. Mr. Daubeny sat with his hat over his brow, mute, apparently impassive and unapproachable, during the reading of the Speech and the moving and seconding of the Address. The House was very full, and there was much murmuring on the side of the Opposition; but from the Government benches hardly a sound was heard, as a young gentleman, from one of the Midland counties, in a deputy-lieutenant's uniform, who had hitherto been known for no particular ideas of his own, but had been believed to be at any rate true to the Church, explained, not in very clear language, that the time had at length come when the interests of religion demanded a wider support and a fuller sympathy than could be afforded under that system of Church endowment and State establishment for which the country had hitherto been so grateful, and for which the country had such boundless occasion for gratitude. Another gentleman, in the uniform of the Guards, seconded the Address, and declared that in nothing was the sagacity of a Legislature so necessary as in discussing the period in which that which had hitherto been good ceased to be serviceable. The status pupillaris was mentioned, and it was understood that he had implied that England was now old enough to go on in matters of religion without a tutor in the shape of a State Church.

Who makes the speeches, absolutely puts together the words, which are uttered when the Address is moved and seconded? It can hardly be that lessons are prepared and sent to the noble lords and honorable gentlemen to be learned by heart like a school-boy's task. And yet, from their construction, style, and general tone—from the platitudes which they contain as well as from the general safety and good sense of the remarks—from the absence of any attempt to improve a great occasion by the fire of oratory, one can not but be convinced that a very absolute control is exercised. The gorgeously appareled speakers, who seem to have great latitude allowed them in the matter of clothing, have certainly very little in the matter of language. And then it always seems that either of the four might have made the speech of any of the others. It could not have been the case that the Hon. Colonel Mowbray Dick, the Member for West Bustard, had really elaborated out of his own head that theory of the status pupillaris. A better fellow, or a more popular officer, or a sweeter-tempered gentleman than Mowbray Dick does not exist; but he certainly never entertained advanced opinions respecting the religious education of his country. When he is at home with his family he always goes to church, and there has been an end of it.

And then the fight began. The thunder-bolts of opposition were unloosed, and the fires of political rancor blazed high. Mr. Gresham rose to his legs, and declared to all the world that which he had hitherto kept secret from his own party. It was known afterward that in discussion with his own dearly beloved political friend, Lord Cantrip, he had expressed his unbounded anger at the duplicity, greed for power, and want of patriotism displayed by his opponent; but he had acknowledged that the blow had come so quick and so unexpectedly that he thought it better to leave the matter to the House without instruction from himself. He now reveled in sarcasm, and before his speech was over raged into wrath. He would move an amendment to the Address for two reasons—first, because this was no moment for bringing before Parliament the question of the Church establishment, when as yet no well-considered opportunity of expressing itself on the subject had been afforded to the country, and secondly, because any measure of reform on that matter should certainly not come to them from the right honorable gentleman opposite. As to the first objection, he should withhold his arguments till the bill suggested had been presented to them. It was in handling the second that he displayed his great power of invective. All those men who then sat in the House, and who on that night crowded the galleries, remember his tones as, turning to the Dissenters who usually supported him, and pointing over the table to his opponents, he uttered that well-worn quotation, "Quo nimium reris"—then he paused, and began again, "Quo nimium reris—Graiâ pandetur ab urbe." The power and inflection of his voice at the word "Graiâ" were certainly very wonderful. He ended by moving an amendment to the Address, and asking for support equally from one side of the House as from the other.

When at length Mr. Daubeny moved his hat from his brow and rose to his legs, he began by expressing his thankfulness that he had not been made a victim to the personal violence of the right honorable gentleman. He continued the same strain of badinage throughout—in which he was thought to have been wrong, as it was a method of defense or attack for which his peculiar powers hardly suited him. As to any bill that was to be laid upon the table, he had not as yet produced it. He did not doubt that the dissenting interests of the country would welcome relief from an anomaly, let it come whence it might, even "Graiâ ab urbe;" and he waved his hand back to the clustering Conservatives who sat behind him. That the right honorable gentleman should be angry he could understand, as the return to power of the right honorable gentleman and his party had been anticipated, and he might almost say discounted as a certainty.

Then, when Mr. Daubeny sat down, the House was adjourned.

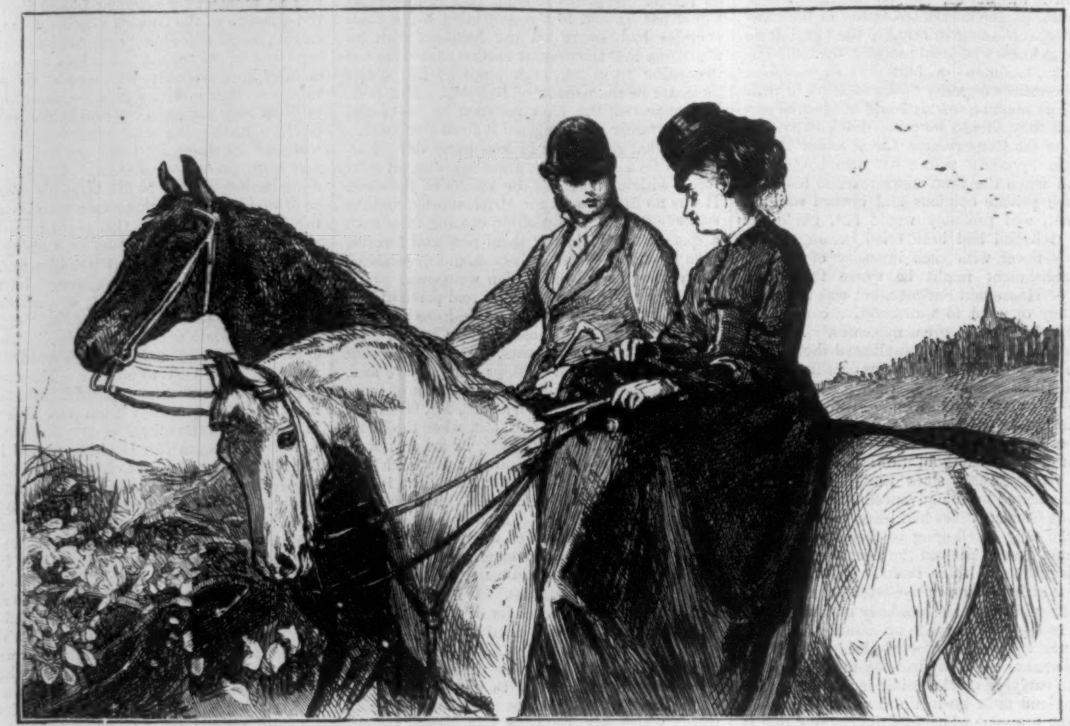
CHAPTER IX.

THE DEBATE.

The beginning of the battle as recorded in the last chapter took place on a Friday—Friday, 11th November—and consequently two entire days intervened before the debate could be renewed. There seemed to prevail an opinion during this interval that Mr. Gresham had been imprudent. It was acknowledged by all men that no finer speech than that delivered by him had ever been heard within the walls of that House. It was acknowledged also that as regarded the question of oratory Mr. Daubeny had failed signally. But the strategy of the Minister was said to have been excellent, whereas that of the ex-Minister was very loudly condemned. There is nothing so prejudicial to a cause as temper. This man is declared to be unfit for any position of note, because he always shows temper. Any thing can be done with another man—he can be made to fit almost any hole—because he has his temper under command. It may, indeed, be assumed that a man who loses his temper while he is speaking is endeavoring to speak the truth such as he believes it to be, and again it may be assumed that a man who speaks constantly without losing his temper is not always entitled to the same implicit faith. Whether or not this be a reason the more for preferring the calm and tranquil man may be doubted; but the calm and tranquil man is preferred for public services. We want practical results rather than truth. A clear head is worth more than an honest heart. In a matter of horseflesh, of what use is it to have all manner of good gifts if your horse won't go whither you want him, and refuses to stop when you bid him? Mr. Gresham had been very indiscreet, and had especially sinned in opposing the Address without arrangements with his party.

And he made the matter worse by retreating within his own shell during the whole of that Saturday, Sunday, and Monday morning. Lord Cantrip was with him three or four times, and he saw both Mr. Palliser, who had been Chancellor of the Exchequer under him, and Mr. Ratler. But he went amidst no congregation of Liberals, and asked for no support. He told Ratler that he wished gentlemen to vote altogether in accordance with their opinions; and it came to be whispered in certain circles that he had resigned, or was resigning, or would resign the leadership of his party. Men said that his passions were too much for him, and that he was destroyed by feelings of regret, and almost of remorse.

The Ministers held a Cabinet Council on the Monday morning, and it was supposed afterward that that also had been stormy. Two gentlemen had certainly resigned their seats in the Government before the House met at four o'clock, and there were rumors abroad that others would do so if the suggested measure should be found really to amount to disestablishment. The rumors were, of course, worthy of no belief, as the transactions of the Cabinet are of necessity secret. Lord Drummond at the War-office, and Mr. Boffin from the Board of Trade, did, however, actually resign, and Mr. Boffin's explanations in the House were heard before the debate was resumed. Mr. Boffin had certainly not joined the present Ministry—so he said—with the view of destroying the Church. He had no other remark to make, and he was sure that the House would appreciate the course which had induced him to seat himself below the gangway. The House cheered very loudly, and Mr. Boffin was the hero of ten minutes. Mr. Daubeny detracted something from this triumph by the overstrained and perhaps ironic pathos with which he deplored the loss of his right honorable friend's



"HE WAS RIDING HOME WITH MISS PALLISER BY HIS SIDE."

services. Now this right honorable gentleman had never been specially serviceable.

But the wonder of the world arose from the fact that only two gentlemen out of the twenty or thirty who composed the Government did give up their places on this occasion. And this was a Conservative Government! With what a force of agony did all the Ratlers of the day repeat that inappropriate name! Conservatives! And yet they were ready to abandon the Church at the bidding of such a man as Mr. Daubeny! Ratler himself almost felt that he loved the Church. Only two resignations—whereas it had been expected that the whole House would fall to pieces! Was it possible that these earls, that marquis, and the two dukes, and those stanch old Tory squires, should remain in a Government pledged to disestablish the Church? Was all the honesty, all the truth of the great party confined to the bosoms of Mr. Boffin and Lord Drummond? Doubtless they were all Esaus; but would they sell their great birthright for so very small a mess of pottage? The parsons in the country, and the little squires who but rarely come up to London, spoke of it all exactly as did the Ratlers. There were parishes in the country in which Mr. Boffin was canonized, though up to that date no Cabinet Minister could well have been less known to fame than was Mr. Boffin.

What would those Liberals do who would naturally rejoice in the disestablishment of the Church—those members of the Lower House, who had always spoken of the ascendency of Protestant episcopacy with the bitter acrimony of exclusion? After all, the success or failure of Mr. Daubeny must depend not on his own party, but on them. It must always be so when measures of Reform are advocated by a Conservative Ministry. There will always be a number of untrained men ready to take the gift without looking at the giver. They have not expected relief from the hands of Greeks, but will take it when it comes from Greeks or Trojans. What would Mr. Turnbull say in this debate—and what Mr. Monk? Mr. Turnbull was the people's tribune of the day; Mr. Monk had also been a tribune, then a Minister, and now was again—something less than a tribune. But there were a few men in the House, and some out of it, who regarded Mr. Monk as the honestest and most patriotic politician of the day.

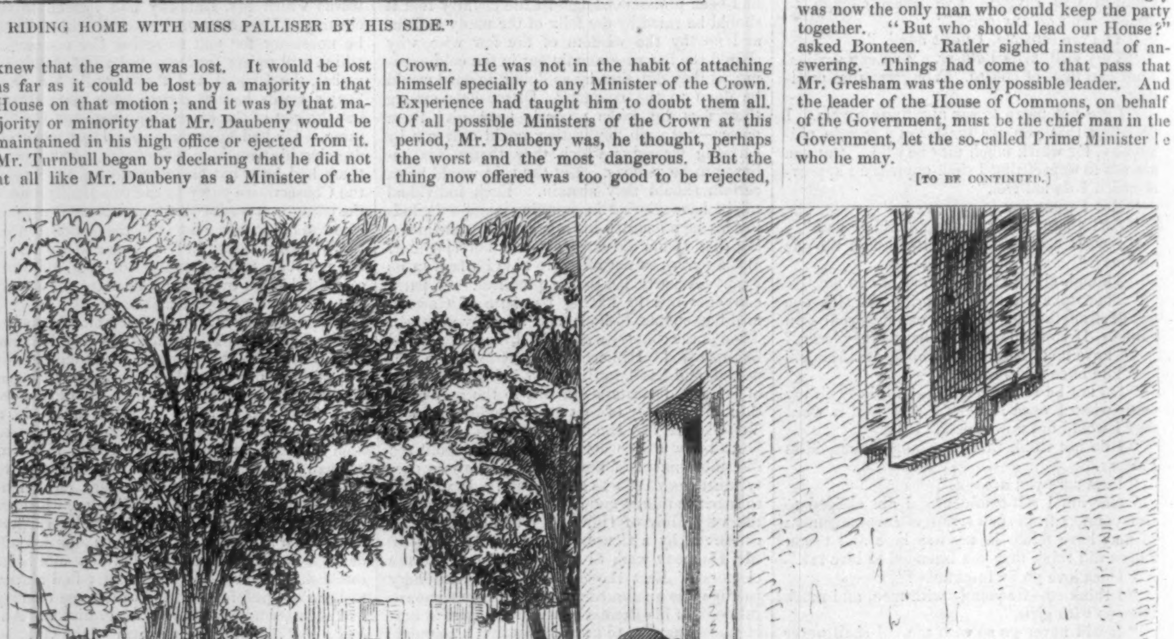
The debate was long and stormy, but was peculiarly memorable for the skill with which Mr. Daubeny's higher colleagues defended the steps they were about to take. The thing was to be done in the cause of religion. The whole line of defense was indicated by the gentlemen who moved and seconded the Address. An active, well-supported Church was the chief need of a prosperous and intelligent people. As to the endowments, there was some confusion of ideas; but nothing was to be done with them inappropriate to religion. Education would receive the bulk of what was left after existing interests had been amply guaranteed. There would be no doubt—so said these gentlemen—that ample funds for the support of an Episcopal Church would come from those wealthy members of the body to whom such a Church was dear. There seemed to be a conviction that clergymen under the new order of things would be much better off than under the old. As to the connection with the State, the time for it had clearly gone by. The Church, as a Church, would own increased power when it could appoint its own bishops, and be wholly dissevered from State patronage. It seemed to be almost a matter of surprise that really good Churchmen should have endured so long to be shackled by subservience to the State. Some of these gentlemen pleaded their cause so well that they almost made it appear that episcopal ascendency would be restored in England by the disseverance of the Church and State.

Mr. Turnbull, who was himself a Dissenter, was at last upon his legs, and then the Ratlers knew that the game was lost. It would be lost as far as it could be lost by a majority in that House on that motion; and it was by that majority or minority that Mr. Daubeny would be maintained in his high office or ejected from it. Mr. Turnbull began by declaring that he did not at all like Mr. Daubeny as a Minister of the Crown. He was not in the habit of attaching himself specially to any Minister of the Crown. Experience had taught him to doubt them all. Of all possible Ministers of the Crown at this period, Mr. Daubeny was, he thought, perhaps the worst and the most dangerous. But the thing now offered was too good to be rejected, let it come from what quarter it would. Indeed, might it not be said of all the good things obtained for the people, of all really serviceable reforms, that they were gathered and garnered home in consequence of the squabbles of Ministers? When men wanted power, either to grasp at it or to retain it, then they offered bribes to the people. But in the taking of such bribes there was no dishonesty, and he should willingly take this bribe.

Mr. Monk spoke also. He would not, he said, feel himself justified in refusing the Address to the Crown proposed by Ministers simply because that Address was founded on the proposition of a future reform, as to the expedience of which he had not for many years entertained a doubt. He could not allow it to be said of him that he had voted for the permanence of the Church establishment, and he must therefore support the Government. Then Ratler whispered a few words to his neighbor: "I knew the way he'd run when Gresham insisted on poor old Mildmay's taking him into the Cabinet." "The whole thing has gone to the dogs," said Bonteen. On the fourth night the House was divided, and Mr. Daubeny was the owner of a majority of fifteen.

Very many of the Liberal party expressed an opinion that the battle had been lost through the want of judgment evinced by Mr. Gresham. There was certainly no longer that sturdy adherence to their chief which is necessary for the solidarity of a party. Perhaps no leader of the House was ever more devoutly worshiped by a small number of adherents than was Mr. Gresham now; but such worship will not support power. Within the three days following the division the Ratlers had all put their heads together, and had resolved that the Duke of St. Bungay was now the only man who could keep the party together. "But who should lead our House?" asked Bonteen. Ratler sighed instead of answering. Things had come to that pass that Mr. Gresham was the only possible leader. And the leader of the House of Commons, on behalf of the Government, must be the chief man in the Government, let the so-called Prime Minister be who he may.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



THIS IS THE WAY TO RECEIVE HIS IMPERIAL AGONY KING CHOLERA.
(HEALTH BOARD, PLEASE NOTICE.)

GOING TO THE FAIR.

The illustration on this page, engraved from a picture painted by a well-known Austrian artist, Herr Jankd, and now one of the attractions in the picture-gallery of the Vienna Exhibition, represents a phase of Hungarian peasant life. Here we see three shepherds going to a rural fair, the outskirts of which are shown on the extreme right hand. The careful old gentleman in the foreground means to pay his expenses with the lamb he carries before him. His more rollicking companions, however, seem to have thrown aside all thoughts of business, and are preparing to enjoy themselves with all the carelessness of youth.

Nothing in the world can be imagined more interesting and picturesque than a German or Hungarian fair, especially the larger ones which occur in the fall. On these occasions one may see every variety of peasant life from the different provinces, in each of which the traditionary costumes are still worn, and ancient customs and manners have escaped the influence of modern progress. The dress and dialect of a German, Hungarian, or Austrian peasant at once betray what part of the country he hails from, as neither man nor woman could be induced to depart from the fashions of their forefathers. It is one of the minor evils of progress that it abolishes these picturesque distinctions, and introduces a tiresome monotony of customs and dress; but it will probably take many generations to do away with these distinctions among the peasants of Continental Europe, who cling to their traditionary habits with honest pride and pertinacity. They look with suspicion upon every attempt to introduce modern inventions. Some years ago an enterprising American sent a number of plows from this country to Hohenheim, the celebrated agricultural school of Würtemberg. The professors saw their value, but the peasants preferred their own clumsy wooden plows, which have been in use there for centuries, and after fruitless attempts to induce them to give the new implements a trial, they were placed in the collection of curiosities belonging to the school, where they remain eloquent witnesses to the conservatism of German peasants.

CHARACTER TYPES IN AUSTRO-HUNGARY—GOING TO THE FAIR.—[From a Painting by Herr Jankd in the Vienna Exhibition.]

STONEHENGE.

The first idea which strikes you, after traversing the vast undulating plain between the Druids' Oak and Stonehenge, is disappointment at the diminutive appearance which the scene presents; but when you come to consider the situation, and afterward to measure the enormous size of the stones, you learn that it is the circumstance of the isolation of these stone circles which makes them appear so small. There are, in all the two separate circles, the centre, and the oval, which contains the altar, as well as the huge stones at the entrance, according to my computation, ninety-one stones. The largest stones, by far, are those in the central oval, they being

from sixteen to twenty-two feet in height, standing in pairs and with the imposts over them, in the form which in some countries has the name of Druids' altars, and in others cromlechs, and which we may call trilothons. It is very evident that all the stones in the different circles did stand in this form; but in the smaller circle, where the remaining stones are nineteen, of which only eleven are standing, you see no trilothons; and in the outer circle, where the stones are from thirteen to twenty feet in height, and which is about eight feet distant from the inner one, you see five complete trilothons and seventeen of the large upright stones erect, as well as seven of the upright stones and eight of the upper stones lying prostrate.

These stones, it is almost universally agreed, must have come from Marlborough Downs; but when you consider the distance and the primitive means of conveyance which the ancient Britons could alone have used, you are brought to the conviction that many thousand hands must have been employed upon this work; but by what contrivance they raised the imposts and mortised them firmly in the uprights, so as to form the trilothons, is still an enigma. The outer circle is 108 feet in diameter; you can trace that this outer circle is inclosed by a double mound or ditch, circular in form, and that there is an avenue leading from the northeast, bounded by a small mound or ditch. But covered as these are by turf, which has apparently not been either turned over by the plow or touched by any implement for a long period of time, you might pass the place, and never observe their traces unless you had been told of them. The measurements given of the outer mound are 15 feet high, ditch 30 feet broad, the whole 1009 feet in circumference; and the avenue is 594 yards in length. On a very fine day, what with the purity of the atmosphere, the intense feeling of solitariness which you experience when you look around you and see nothing in the horizon except this ancient fane, the scene is one that you love to linger on.

When you come to consider the lapse of centuries that must have passed over this wondrous pile, whose permanence has been so well provided for by the nature of the ground it is situated on, your mind is filled with reflections upon the deeds and the events which it has been witness to. No doubt many a tale of horror has had its culmination within these precincts. No doubt many a hideous sacrifice has been perpetrated here—whether it had been dedicated to Baal or Ashteroth, or the barbaric rites, equally cruel, of the Druids haye been enacted here by those hoary priests of whom history has given us such a hazy narrative.

LOOKING FOR LOVE.

As a fisherman looks out over the bay
For a ship that comes from sea,
I look for my love from day to day,
But my love comes not to me.

Who is the maid that the finger of fate
Has given, and where lives she?
How long shall I linger and hope and wait
Before she will come to me?

Or have I no love, and shall I be blown
Like a lost boat out to sea?
No! Pleasure and peace shall be my own,
And my love shall come to me.

And when and where shall I know my doom?
In-doors, or where flowers grow?
Will the pear-trees all be white with bloom?
Or will they be white with snow?

Have I ever heard of your name in talk?
Or seen you a child at play?
Are you twenty yet, and where do you walk?
Is it near or far away?

Come, my love, while my heart's in the south,
While youth is about my ways;
I will run to meet you, and kiss your mouth,
And bless you for all my days!

THE KOO-TOO.

The performance of the koo-too, or kow-tow, a degrading ceremonial on being formally presented to the Emperor of China, has been a fertile source of discord, few embassadors from any European court being willing to submit to so very odious an act of abasement. Lord Macartney, in 1793, condescended to go through the ceremony in a perfunctory way, which was accepted as sufficient. Lord Amherst, however, in 1816, declined to do even so much; and it is doubtful if any English embassador will ever again be expected to perform the koo-too in proper style. Any one wishing to know what the ceremony really is, may satisfy his curiosity by perusing the account given of the reception of an embassador from the Czar Peter of Russia, in 1719, the writer being John Bell, of Autremoney, a Scottish gentleman attached to the Russian court.

"On the day," says this amusing chronicler, "appointed for the public audience of the emperor, horses were brought to our lodgings for the embassador and his retinue, the emperor being then at a country-house, called Tzanshuyang, about six miles westward from Pekin. We mounted at eight in the morning, and about ten arrived at court, where we alighted at the gate, which was guarded by a strong party of soldiers. The commanding officers conducted us into a large room, where we drank tea, and staid about half an hour till the emperor was ready to receive us. We then entered a spacious court, inclosed with high brick walls, and regularly planted with several rows of forest trees, about eight inches diameter, which I took to be limes. The walks are spread with small gravel; and the great walk is terminated by the hall of audience, behind which are the emperor's private apartments. On each side of the great walk are flower-pots and canals. As we advanced, we found all the ministers of state, and officers belonging to the court, seated upon fur cushions, cross-legged, before the hall, in the open air; among these, places were appointed for the embassador and his retinue; and in this situation we remained, in a cold, frosty morning, till the emperor came into the hall. During this interval there were only two or three servants in the hall, and not the least noise was heard from any quarter. The entry to the hall is by seven marble steps, the whole length of the building. The floor is finely paved with a neat checker-work of white and black marble. The edifice is quite open to the south, and the roof supported by a row of handsome wooden pillars, octangular, and finely polished, before which is hung a large canvas, as a shelter from the heat of the sun or inclemencies of the weather.

"After we had waited about a quarter of an hour, the emperor entered the hall at the back-door, and seated himself upon the throne; upon which all the company stood. The master of the ceremonies now desired the embassador, who was at some distance from the rest, to walk into the hall, and conducted him by one hand, while he held his credentials in the other. Having ascended the steps, the letter was laid on a table placed for that purpose, as had been previously agreed; but the emperor beckoned to the embassador, and directed him to approach; which he no sooner perceived, than he took up the credentials and, attended by Aloy, walked up to the throne, and, kneeling, laid them before the emperor, who touched them with his hand, and inquired after his Czarish majesty's health. He then told the embassador that the love and friendship he entertained for his majesty were such that he had even dispensed with an established custom of the empire in receiving his letter. During this part of the ceremony, which was not long, the retinue continued standing without the hall; and we imagined, the letter being delivered, all was over. But the master of the ceremonies brought back the embassador, and then ordered all the company to kneel and make obeisance nine times to the emperor. At every third time we stood up, and kneeled again. Great pains were taken to avoid this piece of homage, but without success. The master of the ceremonies stood by and delivered his orders in the Tartar language, by pronouncing the words 'Morgu' and 'boss;' the first meaning to bow, and the other to stand; two words which I can not soon forget."

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Only Sixty thousand tickets will be sold, and one-half of these are intended for the European Market, thus leaving only 30,000 for sale in the United States, where 100,000 were disposed of for the Third Concert. The tickets are divided into ten coupons or parts, and have on their backs the Scheme, with a full explanation of the mode of drawing.

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250 CASH GIFTS	200 each	50,000
325 CASH GIFTS	100 each	32,500
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TOTAL, 12,000 GIFTS, ALL CASH, amounting to $1,500,000

The distribution will be positive, whether all the tickets are sold or not, and the 12,000 gifts all paid in proportion to the tickets sold—all unsold tickets being destroyed, as at the First and Second Concerts, and not represented in the drawing.

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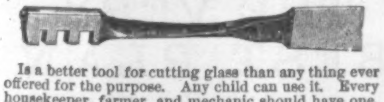

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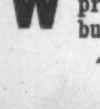

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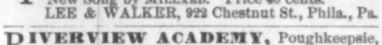

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LONG BRANCH, FROM THE
...EA.—[From Sketches by Theo. R. Davis.]

...rest, Malcolm, mad,
...that I am married!
...ve ever been false to
...I not thought of you
...irst night of our en-
...we stood by the Vic-
...u confessed you loved
...nfession from you at
...made me, as if I had
...lie down at my feet!"
...w moments, looking
...py smile, placidly hap-
..., that curious self-con-
...the characteristics of
...gain that hour of tri-
...which she had proved
...er than principle even

...me of husbands!" she
...f anger. "There is a
...ho ill-treated me, hurt
...rasp, dragged me away
...anted to escape to you.
...ou won't send me back
...? O God, you could
... If you knew how I
...ight after night, before
...I could get away from
...y kept my door locked
... of that, Malcolm—the
...if I had been a refracto-
...n to find out where they
...doors. But they would
...as only to-night for the
...hem. They were both
... there, not even Hilda,
... tried to poison me.
...ot believe, but I have
... I have refused to eat,
...y. I have refused to
..., till they forced me to
... messes," with a look
...bending over me with
...lutching me with their
...lm!" starting up from
... him passionately, with
...r that you will not give
... Kill me if you like,
... loving me, if I am no
...—kill me, Malcolm;
...ould not be painful—
... to that locked room!
...you stand there looking
...ou afraid of them, afraid
... of that stony cruel man

...he cried, not yet able to
...ghts, at sea on a stormy
...and love and honor. To
...en in the utter wreck of
...onfiding, the pride that
...xtinguished forever—to
...rself upon his love, ap-
... and yet to feel himself
...the smallest degree, un-
...nt between her and her
...rdeal beyond the worst
...beyond the circle of yelp-
...dled at his feet, which he
...he possibilities of his ca-
...himself by a supreme ef-
... to contemplate the sit-
...had been interested only
..., called upon to advise or
...ency.
... at last: "you shall not
...ack, if I can prevent it."
... a wild passionate cry, as
... purgatory.
...ried. "Oh, I knew that
... back! Let me stay with
...ollow you in all your wan-
... I fear hardship, or fam-
... you are? Let me teach
...ose savage lands. Chil-
... me, and I them. Re-
...he children at Hawleigh.

Let me go with you, Malcolm. I will be any thing you order me to be, a slave to work for those wretched people," with a faint shudder, as if she had not yet overcome her idea of the general commonness of the missionary order. "I will endure every thing—toil, danger, death—if you will let me be with you."

He did not answer her, except with a long look of sorrowful tenderness—parting the loose hair gently from her forehead with a protecting touch, which was curiously different from the patronizing pattings of the faculty — contemplating her with a deploring tenderness. He could not answer her. To reason — to attempt to awaken dormant memories—seemed useless. The doors of her brain had shut up the story of her wedded life. It was not in his power to recall her to a sense of her actual position — to rend the veil which shut out the realities—leaving her soul in a fool's paradise of dreams.

He had arranged his plan of action meanwhile. He rang for the lamp, and the honest Scottish lassie, entering with the lighted moderator, beheld with obvious consternation the figure of a lady, with pale face and disordered hair, clad in a long purple garment, slashed and faced with satin—a garment such as Maggie the house-maid had never looked upon before, a garment fastened with cords and tassels, which the lady's restless fingers knotted and unknotted again and again while Maggie stared at her.

"Tell your brother to saddle Trim," said Mr. Forde, in his quietest manner; "I want a message taken to the railway station at Ellensbridge."

He looked at his watch thoughtfully. No, it would hardly be too late to send a telegram from that small station.

"Ye'll no' be sending the night, Mr. Forde," said the girl, "the station 'll be shut."

"No, it won't, Maggie. Tell your brother to get the pony ready this minute. And then come back to me for the message."

He took the lamp to a desk on the other side of the room, where he had the blank forms for telegrams and all business appliances, and, without further deliberation, wrote the following message:

"*Malcolm Forde, Dunallen, Argyleshire, to Gertrude Luttrell, Hawleigh, Devon, England.*

"Your sister, Lady Paulyn, is dangerously ill. Come at once to this place. A case of urgent necessity. Telegraph reply."

He filled another form with almost the same words addressed to Mrs. Chevenix, Eaton Place South. And having delivered these to Maggie, with strict instructions as to haste and care in the manner of transmitting them, he began to consider how soon either of these women could reach that remote spot. It was too late for Mrs. Chevenix to leave town by the limited mail. She could only arrive at Dunallen upon the following night, just twenty-four hours after the sending of the telegram. And during that interval how was he to protect Elizabeth from her natural protectors—from people who had an unassailable right to the custody of this helpless creature?

His only hope lay in the chance that they might not guess where she had gone; yet he hardly dared hope as much as that, when Miss Disney knew that he was in the neighborhood, and doubtless knew that he had once been Elizabeth's betrothed husband. His first thought, the telegrams being dispatched, was to find her a fitting refuge. He had friends enough in the cozy little hill-side colony, friends who, in the common acceptation of the phrase, would have gone through fire and water to serve him, though they had only known him seven weeks. He debated for a little while—a very little while—for moments were precious, and he had already lost much time, and then decided upon his plan of action. Two ancient maiden ladies, his devoted admirers, lived in a snug little villa hardly five minutes' walk from the manse—friendly Scotch bodies, upon whose kindness and singleness of heart he could rely. With these two ladies he might find the fittest shelter for the forlorn being who had cast herself upon his care. Lodged safely here, she might, perhaps, escape pursuit for a little while—just long enough to bring the friends of her girlhood round her, so that she might at least have her sister by her side when she went back to Slogh-na-Dyack.

"Wrap your shawl closely round you, Lady Paulyn," he said. "I am going to take you to a house where you can sleep to-night—to friends who will take care of you."

"Friends!" she cried; "I have no friends in the world but you. Let me stay here—with you. Oh, Malcolm, you are not going to send me away after all?"

"I am not going to send you back to the people you fear—as I believe without reason. I am going to put you in the charge of two good friends of mine—kind old Scotch women, who will be very good to you."

"I want no one's goodness," she exclaimed, impatiently. "Why can I not stay here with you?"

"It is quite impossible."

"But why?"

"Because you have a husband and a house of your own."

She shook her head angrily. "He is madder than the rest," she muttered.

"And I should do very wrong to detain you here. I fear that, if I did my duty, I should at once communicate with your household at Slogh-na-Dyack."

"You will not do that!" she cried, starting up and clinging to his arm.

"No, Elizabeth, I can not do that — against your wish. I will see you placed in safe hands, and perhaps to-morrow one of your sisters, or your aunt, may be here to protect you."

"One of my sisters," she repeated, dreamily. "I should like to have Blanche with me. I was always fond of Blanche."

"Come, then. The less time we lose the better."

He went out into the hall, she following him, and thence to the garden in front of the manse. He gave her his arm as they went out into the windy road, white in the moonlight, but they had scarcely crossed the boundary when she gave a shrill scream and darted back toward the house. Two women, one tall and gaunt-looking, were standing in the road, a few paces from a brougham, which seemed to be waiting for them.

The tall woman advanced to meet Mr. Forde, the other ran back to the carriage, and exclaimed to some one inside, "We've found her, Miss Disney, we've found her!"

"What do you want?" asked Malcolm, his heart sinking with a sickness as of death itself. Vain had been his hope of putting himself between her and the people to whom she belonged.

"That lady," said the female grenadier, pointing to Elizabeth, who stood in the porch watching them, "Lady Paulyn. It was Miss Disney told us to come here to look for her."

"Yes," said Hilda, who had alighted from the brougham; "and if you had been honest enough to tell me of Lady Paulyn's escape at the time it occurred, instead of three hours afterward, I should have been here ever so long ago. I dare say you remember me, Mr. Forde," she added, turning to Malcolm. "I met you at luncheon one day at Hawleigh Vicarage. My name is Disney. I am Lord Paulyn's cousin."

"I remember you perfectly, Miss Disney."

"I am sorry we should meet again under such lamentable circumstances. You have of course perceived poor Lady Paulyn's sad condition? Has she been here long?"

"A little more than an hour, I should think. What made you suppose that she would come here?"

Hilda hesitated a little before replying.

"Because you are about the only person she knows in this neighborhood."

"An isolated position for any woman to occupy," said Malcolm, "and I should imagine eminently calculated to depress the spirits or even to unsettle the mind."

"Lady Paulyn had my society and her husband's, Sir; and I do not believe solitude has had any thing to do with the melancholy state of her mind."

"She has a strange aversion to returning to Slogh-na-Dyack," said Mr. Forde, "and a horror of her nurses, perhaps a natural feeling in her delirious state. Now I have friends here; two simple-minded kindly old ladies who would be very glad to take charge of her for a few days. You might remain with her, if you pleased; and you could by that means withdraw her from a place about which she has such an unhappy feeling."

He did not want to give her up to them without a struggle, yet reason told him any struggle would be useless. Miss Disney's inflexible face, looking at him sternly in the moonlight, was not the face of a woman to be turned from her own set purpose by an appeal that might be made to her compassion.

"I could not possibly sanction such an extraordinary proceeding," she said. "Lord Paulyn is away from home, and in his absence I feel myself responsible for his wife's safety. I can not forgive the nurses for their shameful neglect this evening."

"There's no being up to the artfulness of 'em," said the tall nurse. "This evening was the first time the key of that door was ever out of my own keeping, owing to my having torn my pocket, and, not liking to trust to it, put that blessed key in a little chiny jar on the mantel-piece."

"Will you ask my cousin to come to the carriage, Mr. Forde?" said Miss Disney, with a business-like air; "we need not lose any more time."

"You had better come into the house for a little while and talk to her quietly. There is no occasion to let her feel she is taken back like a prisoner."

Hilda complied rather unwillingly, and Mr. Forde led the way to the porch, where Elizabeth stood waiting the issue of events.

"You are not going to give me up, are you?" she asked.

"I have no power to detain you."

"Then you are a coward!" she cried, passionately. "Is this what men have come to since the age of chivalry, when a man would leap among lions to pick up a woman's glove? *You* go among the heathen; *you* brave the rage of savages, their tortures, their poisoned arrows, their flames! Why, all that they say you have done can be nothing but lies, when you are afraid to oppose her," pointing contemptuously to Miss Disney.

"Elizabeth," he said, earnestly, trying to pierce the confusion of her mind, "there are social laws stronger than fire or sword, and the law that gives a woman to her husband is the strongest of them all, for it is a divine law as well as a social one. I dare not come between you and those who have the best right to protect you. But I can interfere to redress your wrongs if they are false to their trust. I do not stand by unconcerned in this matter. Wherever you are, at Slogh-na-Dyack as well as in this house, I shall be interested in your welfare; at hand to give you all the help I can give, counsel and consolation as a minister of God's word, or advice as a man of the world. I have telegraphed to your sisters and your aunt, and I feel little doubt they will be with you to-morrow night."

"A most uncalled-for interference," said Hilda, disdainfully. "The doctors have forbidden any intercourse between Lady Paulyn and her relations."

"What, do the doctors choose the time when she has most need of familiar friends and old associations to cut her off from them altogether? Wise doctors, Miss Disney! Common-sense and natural affection suggest a better system of cure for a mind ill at ease."

"You may pretend to know more than scientific men who have made this malady the study of their lives," replied Hilda; "but however that may be, I can only tell you that should the Miss Luttrells be so foolish as to come to Lord Paulyn's house uninvited by him, they will not be allowed to see their sister."

"We will see about that when they are here."

Elizabeth stood between them silently. A vacant look had stolen over the pale melancholy face. She uttered no further remonstrance, no further upbraiding, but went with Hilda unresistingly, apathetic, or half unconscious where she was being taken. The fitful flame had died out into darkness. She was a creature without a mind; submissive, indifferent; to awaken by-and-by to a sense of her imprisonment and to vain anger and fury, like a wild animal that has been netted while it slept.

CHAPTER XI.

"No joy from favorable fortune
Can overweigh the anguish of this stroke."

The night that followed was the darkest Malcolm Forde had ever known till now, darker even than that which followed Alice Fraser's death; for are not the dead that are already dead better than the living that are yet alive? And to the believer death has no positive horror; it is only the anguish of separation; a human sorrow; a human longing; a sharp pain, tempered always by that divine hope which makes this earthly life verily a pilgrimage leading to fair worlds beyond it.

But this death in life called madness—this living death, which may endure for the length of the longest life—is more bitter than the coffin and the grave. To know her miserable and helpless in the hands of people she feared—linked to a husband she had never even pretended to love —was to know her in a state as much worse than death as waking agony is worse than dreamless sleep. Never until this hour, when he looked round his empty room, the vacant chair where she had sat, the expiring fire into which those lovely eyes had gazed with their far-off dreaming look—never until now had he fully realized how he loved her; how little the life he had lived and the work he had done in five long years had served to divide him from her; how near and dear she was to him still.

Sleep, or even the semblance of rest, the miserable pretense of going to bed, was impossible to him that night. He walked down to Slogh-na-Dyack, down to the little bay where the troubled waters broke against the shore with a dismal moaning, where the reflection of the moon was blotted out every now and then by black wind-driven clouds. It was a dreary night, bleak and wintry; not a favorable season for midnight wanderings, or patient vigil beneath the window of a beloved sleeper; yet Malcolm Forde paced the narrow strip of beach below Lord Paulyn's garden, a strip that was covered at high tide, until the morning gray. That patient watch might be useless—was useless, no doubt—but it was all that he could do; the sole service he could render to the woman he loved. He saw the lighted windows on the chief upper floor—lights that never waned through the weary night—and he felt very sure they belonged to the rooms inhabited by Elizabeth. Had a cry of anguish broken from those dear lips, it must have pierced the stillness of the night when the wind was low, and reached him on his beat. Sometimes, when the shrill blast shrieked in the mountain gorge upon the opposite shore, he almost fancied the sound of human anguish was mixed with the voice of the wind. It was a sad satisfactory vigil; but it was better to be there, beneath her windows, than to be lying sleepless miles away, beyond reach of her loudest cry. When day came, and the first gray threads of smoke crept up from the Gothic chimneys, he went round to the chief entrance, rang the bell, and inquired of the sleepy housemaid who answered it if Lady Paulyn had passed a quiet night.

"Ask the head nurse," he said, as the girl stared at him vaguely, "and then come back and tell me exactly what she says," emphasizing his request with a donation.

The girl departed, and returned quickly enough.

"Much the same as usual, Sir, Nurse Barber says, and would you please leave your name?"

"Give that to Miss Disney," he said, handing the girl his card, on which he had written the date, and 7 A.M. He wanted Hilda to know that he was vigilant, and was not to be deterred from watchfulness by any fear of slander or of Lord Paulyn's displeasure.

This done, he went back to Dunallen, went back to the early service in the chapel, and to another day's work in the quiet little parish where he had made himself beloved. There was nothing more for him to do, he thought, than to wait till the arrival of the fast train from the South, which would not reach the station at Ellensbridge till half past nine o'clock at night, even if it were punctual; an event not always to be counted as a certainty on a Scotch railway.

He found two telegrams on his study table when he went back to the manse after his morning's work. The first from Gertrude, "I leave Hawleigh at 9 A.M. to-day, Thursday, and shall leave London for Ellensbridge by the limited mail." The second, a vague and helpless message from Mrs. Chevenix, entreating for detailed information, and pleading indifferent health as a reason for not coming to Scotland, if such a journey might possibly be avoided. Mrs. Chevenix had squandered three-and-sixpence worth of telegraphic communication in the endeavor to represent herself ardently desirous of flying to her beloved niece's sick-bed, yet unhappily obliged to remain in Eaton Place South.

Not till to-morrow, therefore, could Elizabeth's sad eyes be gladdened by the sight of a familiar face, not till to-morrow could sisterly arms infold that poor sufferer. For many hours to come, Malcolm Forde must be content to leave her to the tender mercy of hired nurses and Hilda Disney. He could do nothing for her except pray, and all his thoughts in this bitter time were prayers for her.

The railway to Ellensbridge was only a loop line, and that stern adherence to the hours set down in time-tables which is demanded by Southern passengers on main lines was here unknown. If a train came in an hour or so after time, no one wondered. Railway officials placidly remarked that "she was joost a wee bittie late the dee," and that was all. Passengers herded meekly together on the narrow platform and gazed up and down the line, and saw other trains arrive and depart—trains that seem to have no place in the time-table—or watched the leisurely shunting of a string of coal trucks, and made no murmur. The marvel would have been if a train at Ellensbridge had ever come up to time.

Mr. Forde paced the platform with infinite impatience when the hour had gone by at which the train with passengers from the South should have arrived, waiting for the signal that should announce Gertrude Luttrell's coming. There was nothing doing at the station just at this time; even the string of empty coal trucks stood idle, an unemployed engine on a siding puffed and snorted lazily, while the stoker off duty amused himself with the gymnastics of a disreputable-looking monkey. The day was wet and depressing; that fine straight rain, which to the impatient tourist appears sometimes to be the normal atmosphere of Scotland, filled the air; the kind of day in which Cockney travelers in the Trosachs stare hopelessly at Benvenue, looming big through the gray mist, and think they might almost as well be looking at the dome of St. Paul's from Blackfriars Bridge.

The train came slowly in at last, serenely unconscious of being three-quarters of an hour behind time, a diminutive train of two carriages and an engine; and out of one of the carriages Gertrude Luttrell looked with a pale anxious face, a face which sent a thrill of pain through the heart of Malcolm Forde, for it seemed to him that in this wan and faded countenance he saw a likeness of that altered beauty he had looked upon a little while ago.

"What is the matter with my sister?" she asked, nervously, directly she was on the platform. "Oh, Mr. Forde, am I too late? Is—"

She stopped, and burst into tears. He led her into the little waiting-room, and reassured her there was no immediate danger.

"Thank God!" she cried, with a strange fervor. "Oh, Mr. Forde, it seems like a dream seeing you here in this strange place; it seems like a dream to be here myself. I came without loss of an hour; I couldn't do any more than that, could I? Elizabeth has not been a good sister to me, or indeed to any of us. Her prosperity has made very little difference to us; we went on living our old dull life just the same after her marriage, and she did hardly any thing to brighten it. Even long ago, before you came to Hawleigh, she was always cold and unloving toward me, sneered at my humble efforts to do right, set herself up against me in the strength of her beauty."

"It is hardly a time for complaints of this kind," said Mr. Forde, with grave displeasure. "Your sister is in great trouble."

"Have I not come? Am I not here to be with her? Oh, why are you always so hard upon me, Mr. Forde? Just the same after all these years. I would do any thing in the world for her. It is not my fault if her married life is unhappy."

"Do not let us waste time in purposeless talk. I have a carriage ready to take you to your sister's house. I will tell you every thing on the way."

In the carriage he told her the real nature of her sister's illness, the ruin that had befallen that bright, reckless mind; told her his hope of speedy cure in a case where there was no hereditary taint, no shattered constitution, only the fever and confusion of a mind ill at ease, a soul seeking peace where there was no peace. He told her of his confidence in the happy influence of a familiar presence, of old associations, sisterly affection.

Gertrude was inexpressibly shocked; a curious stillness crept over her; she left off making vague attempts to explain her own conduct in relation to her sister, which had never been called into question by Mr. Forde; ceased to make little sidelong attacks upon Elizabeth; but became mute, with the aspect of one upon whom a heavy blow has fallen. Only when they were near Slogh-na-Dyack did she speak.

"Can you say with confidence that you believe she will recover?" she asked; "that you do not think she will be—mad—all her life?"

"I can say nothing of the kind," he answered, sadly. "I can only say that I try to put my trust in God throughout this trial as in others that have gone before it. But this seems harder than the rest."

They were at Slogh-na-Dyack by this time; but here bitter disappointment, a disappointment near akin to despair, awaited them, for upon Gertrude announcing herself as Lady Paulyn's sister, and requesting to be taken straight to the invalid's apartments, a vacant-looking flat-faced footman informed her that her ladyship had left Slogh-na-Dyack for the South just four-and-twenty hours ago.

"What!" cried Mr. Forde, who was standing on the threshold of the door, while Gertrude stood a little way within, staring helplessly at the blank face of the footman. "Do you mean to tell me that Lady Paulyn was allowed to travel in her state of health?"

"Yes, Sir. The London doctor and one of the nurses went with her."

"They went with her, but where?"

"To London, I believe, Sir. As far as I could make out from what was said."

"Where is Miss Disney? Let me see Miss Disney."

"Miss Disney have left also, Sir."

[to be continued.]

LONG BRANCH.

"Long Branch, a post village and watering-place of Monmouth County, New Jersey, on the sea-coast about thirty-three miles south of New York. Here are several boarding-houses and good bathing-grounds, which are much frequented by the citizens of New York and Philadelphia." Such was the Long Branch of only a few years ago, as described in Lippincott's *Gazetteer*. It was then a quiet, retired spot where a few families used to resort to enjoy the advantages of seclusion, sea-air, and surf bathing. In less than ten years its character has entirely changed. For upward of nine miles along the bluff which overlooks the ocean beautiful cottages rise at intervals, surrounded by pleasant grounds on which the landscape gardener has expended all the resources of his art; magnificent hotels offer accommodations for thousands of guests; and along the sandy strip of beach at the foot of the bluff innumerable bathing-houses have been erected. Already it is the favorite and most fashionable watering-place in the United States, having outstripped Newport, with its two hundred years of celebrity, and Saratoga, with its century's start in advance, and there seems to be no obstacle to its indefinite growth in the future. The extension of the New Jersey Central Railroad to Long Branch, which there is little reason to doubt will be completed the ensuing fall, will add largely to the prosperity and popularity of the place. The project has been impeded by the struggles of the Pennsylvania Central to prevent its rival from bridging the Raritan River from South Amboy to Perth Amboy; but it is believed that the opposition has been finally defeated, and that early next summer excursion trains will commence running from New York, Philadelphia, and the large towns of New Jersey. The line, after crossing the bridge, will pass through Englewood, through the beautiful woods of Marcus Spring, the well-known abolitionist and humanitarian, to Matteawan, Keyport, Middletown, Holmdell, Red Bank, and Branchport, to the village of Long Branch. There will be a dépôt there, and a continuation of the line to the sea, the terminal dépôt being situated in that large lot of John Taylor Johnstone's which lies west of Iauch's and the Pavilion. This line will make the village of Long Branch our Margate, and will enormously raise the value of what is called there the back property—that is to say, the lands down in the valley two miles away from the sea.

Excursionists leaving New York for Long Branch now proceed by boat to Sandy Hook, where they take the cars. The sail down the beautiful harbor and bay of New York is one of the most pleasant and enjoyable in the world. Flags of all maritime nations float over outgoing or in-coming craft of every variety; on one hand are the wooded and villa-studded shores of Long Island, on the other those of Staten Island; while on both sides of the Narrows rise massive stone fortifications and long lines of earth-works, bristling with huge guns; and just where the Narrows widen into the lower bay stands, on a rocky reef, the old fort named after the gallant Frenchman whom Americans will always hold in honored remembrance. It is in ruin now, and useless, the interior having been destroyed by fire two or three years ago, but it makes a most picturesque landmark in its isolation. Then the Quarantine buildings are passed, built upon islands artificially constructed for this purpose. Still further down are the Quarantine grounds, where the fever ships lie at anchor, and where vessels coming from infected ports are compelled to wait until the Health Officer gives them permission to come up to the city. At Sandy Hook, a low, narrow, crooked neck of land running out into the sea, passengers disembark, and taking seats in pleasant and commodious cars, make the run to Long Branch in about half an hour. The line runs for a considerable portion of the way within sight of the ocean, and gives one glimpses of passing steamships and every variety of sailing craft. One should not fail to notice, on the right hand as one starts from Sandy Hook, the two lofty towers that crown the heights of Neversink, the last objects to sink beneath the horizon as the eastward-bound traveler looks back, and the first to gladden his eyes on returning.

At the railroad station at Long Branch one comes upon a lively, bustling scene. Private carriages and public conveyances line the road, and the station is generally crowded with parties waiting to receive friends or to note the arrival of strangers. A short pleasant drive or walk brings one to the hotels, which, as may be seen from our picture, are situated at intervals along the bluff, far enough back to allow of a fine broad avenue in front, between them and the ocean, appropriately named "Ocean Avenue."

Our picture is a bird's-eye view or panorama supposed to be taken from an elevated position looking from the sea across the land. The position and architectural character of the cottages, hotels, and other buildings are carefully noted by the artist, and with the assistance of the names printed over and underneath the picture, even a stranger will find no difficulty in making himself familiar with the place. A glance at the picture will show that that portion of the town lying to the left of the West End Hotel is the cottage region proper. Here are the summer residences of President Grant, the Hon. Thomas Murphy, Mr. G. W. Childs, Miss Maggie Mitchell, the popular actress, Mr. Edwin Adams, and other well-known personages. The history of this part of Long Branch is curious and interesting, and we give it from a recent letter to the New York *Times*:

"In 1860 a gentleman named Lewis B. Brown was doing a heavy business down South. When the signs of the coming storm became manifest to every body, all said, 'Brown will go with the South against his convictions, for he is owed half a million of dollars by the Southerners, and if he is against them, and there comes a war, will lose every dollar of the money.' The war came, and found Mr. Brown an ardent abolitionist. He left the South and his half a million and went up to live in Westchester County, along the Sound, about three miles from Harlem. He brought with him a colored servant, whom he brought to the polls with him, and this created much unpleasantness, especially among the Irish of the vicinity. When the bloody riot of '63 took place a villainous wave came up into Westchester County and stirred up the Irish there to negrophobia and robbery. A party from West Plains, drunk with fanaticism, assisted by whisky, called upon Mr. Brown and requested the pleasure of his company for a little hanging match, in which he and his colored servant were to act as principals. The doors were locked and barred and barricaded, and the patriots smashed the windows manfully, and made an entry into the parlor. That was locked, but it was soon kicked open, and a charge was made upon the stairs, where the young family of the abolitionist were waiting in terrified expectation. The calm demeanor of the criminal (whose crime appears to have been that he preferred the liberties of his country to half a million dollars) awed them into a parley, and they consented not to hang him and his 'naygur' if he would immediately 'lave the shpot.' He acceded to the terms. A neighbor received his family, and he and his faithful servant mounted horses and rode to New York, where his friends advised him to go down to Long Branch until the irritation of the Irish had subsided. They were doubtful of their power to protect this criminal, you see. So he went down to Long Branch and hired a villa close to the Mansion House, where he was soon joined by his family. Then, when he had recovered the even tenor of his mind, his busy Yankee brain began to work, and he thought he saw possibilities for Long Branch if it were to be developed in the right way. He sold his place in Westchester County immediately, and when it was thought by his friends in New York that Governor Seymour's friends were pacified, and would consent to his return, he came back and staid for the winter and spring in the city, his brain full of a great plan. He returned in the summer to the Mansion House and worked away at his problem, thinking it out in the minutest details.

"There was a perfect stagnation in the place. No person came down with the intention of investing. The hotels were full, and that was all. In 1866 he thought he saw the signs of coming prosperity, and he bought three plots, amounting in all to about 209 acres, commencing from Green's Pool and running for a mile and a quarter along the sea. At the same time Mr. James Brown, of Brown Brothers, the great bankers, purchased from the West End Hotel to the marshy, reedy ground by the pool. And at the same time also Mr. Howard Potter, son-in-law of James Brown, purchased with Mr. Lewis B. Brown, the wicked abolitionist, on joint account, all that tract of land south of what was called the Deal Road, but which was a short road running to the Deal Pike, and which is now called Park Avenue. In 1867 all the gentlemen concerned went to work and laid out that superb drive, Ocean Avenue. But the south land, belonging to Potter and Brown, was made into a park and called Brown's Park, Olmsted and Vaux being engaged to lay out picturesque drives through it, though there was nothing higher than a shrub in it. Vaux wanted to plant trees all over it, and to build villas, but Mr. Lewis Brown saw a little further; so the Blythe Beach ideal paradise was thrown on one side, and the park remained a pleasant driving park."

The completion of the Avenue road was the signal for renewed activity in investments and building in this part of the town, and a large number of elegant cottages were soon erected there. Mr. Howard Wright and his father-in-law, Mr. Walton, were the first to invest, and they gave for their lots, two acres and a half apiece, the sum of $2500 for the two. They both built. The next was Mr. Gawtrey, who bought the lot now occupied by Mr. Thomas Murphy, giving for it $2000. The price was going up. It was a happy thing for Mr. Gawtrey, for he was in the immediate neighborhood of Mr. Brown's cottage, and calling upon him very often on matters of business, fell in love with one of his beautiful daughters, and married her shortly afterward. He built an exquisite house on his lot, which he sold to Mr. Murphy subsequently for $32,000. Mr. Murphy soon found the cottage too small, and was obliged to make additions on all sides, somewhat injuring the symmetrical proportions of the original structure, but giving room for the exercise of a bountiful and elegant hospitality. Mr. Murphy was not satisfied with one lot, but bought two others, for which he paid $10,000.

It was a serious question for gentlemen owning lots on the left or sea side of the Avenue, what disposition to make of their stables. If put behind the house, the sea-view is obstructed; if toward the Avenue, the house is hidden. Mr. G. W. Childs, of the Philadelphia *Ledger*, who has the cottage north of the President's, puts his boldly close to the Avenue, and has made it ornamental, corresponding to the beautiful chalet style of his cottage. General Grant is going to hide his behind a shrubbery of pines and evergreens, in front also; but the trees will take years to grow. The best plan has been pursued by Mr. Francklyn, of the Cunard line, who recently bought three lots further south, on what was Brown's Park, for which he gave $35,000. He arranged his house and coach-house in the regular Tyrolean, hunting, baronial, chalet style, having the two connected above, but apart below. The stables are just a few yards apart from the other two, and in a line with them, so that the three present one general mass, and the eye is satisfied with the effect, and never stops to ask if the third building is a stable.

Glancing now over the right-hand or northern portion of our picture, the reader will find the name of Atlanticville, known also as North Branch, and Monmouth Beach. It is, however, properly all Long Branch until Seabright is reached. Taking the Ocean Hotel as the centre of Ocean Avenue, it appears that this most superb drive extends for a distance due north and south of nine miles, reckoning four and a half miles from Mr. Winston's cottage to the Ocean House, and four and a half miles from the Ocean House to Lincoln Avenue, which is the present boundary of Long Branch south. It is hardly probable that it will extend beyond, because the magnificent strand ends there, and the ground sinks into a deep interval, rising again into a hummock, and so on for several miles. The expense of leveling would be too great for any save extravagantly rich people, and the hummocks, though delightful, are isolated spots. Northern Long Branch has only been in existence two years, though Atlanticville is thirty-five years old. This little village is formed almost entirely of the families of fishermen, who have their station at a point along the strand known as Galilee, which has many interesting points, and will well repay a visit. The only pleasure cottage there was that of John M'Keon, who at a very early date built himself a humble cot, and surrounded it with a pleasant garden. It is a whitewashed wooden structure, with no pretension to ornament, and its attractions for the distinguished lawyer must have been the bathing, the fresh breezes, and the fish. Its location, close to the fishing settlement, shows that the last was probably the strongest. It is very close to the sea and to the road, and the garden, therefore, does not flourish greatly. Close to the Atlanticville Hotel, which is an old farm-house changed into a tiny hostelry, is the Sea-side Cottage Association, an immense wooden structure, built by six gentlemen of Newark, who hire a steward to run it for them, and spend the summer with their families, dividing the expenses at the end of the season on equitable principles. The rest of Atlanticville is occupied by the cottages of the fishermen. It must be noted that Atlanticville is not built along Ocean Avenue, but the houses are huddled together at right angles to it.

Beyond the fishing settlement of Galilee to Sandy Hook all is made ground, built up by the sands of the sea. In former times Sandy Hook, or rather the end of it, was an island, and the Shrewsbury River found its way into the sea at Galilee. But it worked out for itself an inside channel beneath the Neversink Heights, and thus this long sandy reach was formed. All the ground here has to be most carefully prepared for building and planting. This is, indeed, the case at Long Branch, which was originally entirely barren of trees and vegetation. Much has been done within the last few years to supply this deficiency. Great pains have been taken to improve the soil, and to introduce shade trees and shrubbery, and before many years this pleasant watering-place will be abundantly supplied with the only attraction wanting to make it the most charming, as it is already the most fashionable, summer resort in America.

(Continued from No. 868, page 723.)

STRANGERS AND PILGRIMS.

By MISS BRADDON,

Author of "The Lovels of Arden," "Lady Audley's Secret," etc.

Book the Third.

CHAPTER X.—(*Continued.*)

That wild horror of Hilda and of her nurses could but be the raving of delirium. They were doubtless kind enough in their way—even if it were not the kindest way—only hired service, or the task-work imposed by duty. It was common for these poor fever-distracted souls to exhibit a horror of their best friends—to fly from them even as she had fled. No, there was nothing for him to do but to restore her to her own home—to that lonely pile which had seemed to him so darksome and gloomy a habitation that autumn twilight when he crossed its threshold for the first time.

He led her into the parlor, where pine logs and sea-coal were burning cheerily, led her into the ruddy home-like light, her weary head resting on his shoulder: as it had never rested since the night when he asked her to be his wife, and let all the scheme of his existence drift away from him upon the flood-tide of passion. He placed her in the big easy-chair by the hearth, removed her shawl, damp with the night dew, and then planted himself by the opposite side of the mantel-piece, watching her with grave anxiety, thinking even in this sad moment how fair a picture she made in the fire-light, a sad forlorn face with troubled eyes, a listless figure half shrouded in a veil of golden-brown hair. If it were his duty, as he felt it was, to communicate with her friends, there was time enough to dispatch his messenger. He wanted her to speak a little more clearly first, to discover the full significance of her fear.

She sat for some minutes in silence staring absently at the fire, with a half smile upon her face, as if exhausted by her long walk, and feeling a physical satisfaction in mere warmth and rest. Then, after what seemed to Malcolm a very long pause, she looked slowly round the room, still smiling, and this time with more meaning in her smile.

"How pretty your room looks in the fire-light!" she said, in her old light tone, which smote him to the heart at such a time. "But your rooms are always pretty, with books and things—much prettier than my grand rooms, crowded with pictures and gilding and finery, and a hundred colors that make my eyes ache to look at them. I like this sober brown-looking parlor, like an interior by Rembrandt. This is the first time that I have been in any room of yours since I came to you that morning at Hawleigh. But we were not engaged to be married in those days!" she added, smiling innocently up at him, as if she were saying the most reasonable, the most natural thing in this world.

"Our engagement!" he said, gravely, "that is an auld sang, and came to an end long ago. Let us talk of the future, Lady Paulyn, not of the past."

She watched him as he spoke, with a curious look, as if she saw him talking without hearing what he said.

"It was before we were engaged," she went on, pursuing her own line of thought. "How soon are we to be married, Malcolm? When we are married, you can take me away from that dreadful room," with a shudder, "that horrid room where I lie awake night after night watching the candle burn slowly down—oh, how slowly it burns!—and the reflection of the flame in the shining oak panel. It was clever of me to find out that about the candle, wasn't it? They took away my watch, and got tired of telling me what o'clock it was, or were too unkind to do it; and then I thought of King Alfred and the candles, and knew by their burning when morning had nearly come."

He sighed—a heart-broken sigh—and sat down by her, taking her hand gently. "Dear Lady Paulyn," he began, with a stress upon the name, "I want to decide, with your help, what we had better do. This long dreary walk must have tired you so much. You have been very ill—"

She turned upon him sharply, with flashing eyes. "Do not say that to me," she cried, angrily; "that is what all the doctors said: 'Dear lady, you have been very ill;' talking to me in their soothing sugary tones, as if they were reasoning with a baby in arms. I told them that I was not ill—that I was quite as well as I had ever been in my life—only that I wanted to be let out of that hideous room, to go out upon the hills, to come to you, Malcolm," with sudden tenderness.

"And you see I was right," she went on, after a little pause. "If I were ill, do you suppose I could have walked ever so many miles? and I came along almost as fast as the wind. I ran part of the way. Could I do that if I were ill, Malcolm?"

He was silent for a few moments, his head turned away from her and from the fire-light, his face quite hidden. The first sound that broke that silence was a smothered sob.

She looked at him wonderingly.

"Malcolm, why are you unhappy about me? Don't you understand that I am not ill? What does it matter to us if all those doctors talk nonsense? You can send them all away when we are married."

"Elizabeth," he said with tender earnestness, taking her thin cold hand in his, and holding it while he spoke—alas, there was no sign of bodily fever in that poor little hand! it was that greater fever of the mind which he perceived here, with supreme anguish—"Elizabeth, there is a kind of illness in which the mind is the chief sufferer, an illness of which it seems to me the best means of cure are in the hands of the patient, and not the doctor. Patience and resignation, dear, are the means of cure which God has given to us all. If any thing has made you unhappy, if any thing has disturbed your peace of mind, pray to Him for help, for consolation, for cure. They will come, Elizabeth; believe me, they will come."

She looked at him wonderingly for a few minutes, as if there were something in his words that made her thoughtful. He was the first person who had ever spoken to her of her mind, who had ever boldly told her that all was not well there. The doctors had simpered at her, and tut-tuted and patted her gently on the head, as if she had suddenly gone backward in years and become a child of two. They had made pretty little affectionate speeches of a sugar-plum fashion, never giving her a direct answer to her eager questions, putting off every thing blandly till to-morrow, till she began to think the order of the universe was changed, and time was all to-morrow. And then they left her to lie on her bed and wonder from dawn to sunset, from night till morning, and to weave strange romances in her ever-working brain, for lack of any reality in her life except the horrible reality of the room she hated and the nurses who ill-used her. But this was part and parcel of the magical process of isolation whereby she was to recover her wits.

"There is nothing the matter with my mind," she said. "What should there be the matter, now that I am with you, and happy? There never was any thing the matter with me except the silent horror of that room, and those rough-handed women who stared at me, and worried me from morning till night with medicines and messes, jellies and beef teas and things, making believe that I was ill. But you won't give me back to them—you won't let them take me away from you? Promise me that, Malcolm; mind, you must promise me that," half rising from her chair and clinging to him.

"My dearest, do not ask me to make an impossible promise. I have no alternative. It is my duty to restore you to your friends. You can not remain here; and where can you so properly be as in your own house? Try to think, Elizabeth, what the world would say if it knew that you wished to leave your husband and your own proper home!"

"My husband!" she repeated, with a cold laugh—"my husband! That is what Hilda said to me one day. The nurses talk of *my* delusions; why, there can be no delusion so wild as that! As if I could have any other husband than you, Malcolm, after that night in the Vicarage garden when I almost asked you to marry me. My husband! Go back to my husband, go away from *you* to my husband! What, Malcolm, are you going to talk nonsense like all the rest?" she asked, looking around her with a helpless, bewildered air. "I begin to think that every one in the world is going mad except myself."

"Elizabeth, if you would only try to remember. It is quite true that old promise was made, dear, and you and I were to be together all our lives. But Providence has ruled otherwise. A foolish mistake of mine divided us, and then, after a little while, you found another lover whose constancy and devotion must have gained your gratitude and esteem, if not your love, for you married him. Remember, Elizabeth, you are the wife of Lord Paulyn. You owe affection, duty, obedience, to him, and you are bound to go back to the shelter of his roof. If it seems dismal and strange to you while you are so ill, dear, be assured that fancy will pass away. Only pray for God's help, pray to Him to banish all evil fancies."

"Evil fancies!" she cried, staring at him with wide-open wondering eyes, and an expression that was half perplexity, half contempt for his persistent folly. "You are lik
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that passion may be str
in a good man's breast.

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from the window when
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this chance came, befor
that hateful room! T
in my own house—thi
door locked upon me, a
ry child! I watched the
put the keys of the two
not let me see, and it w
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out of the room—no o
my archenemy, who h
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swallow their abominab
of unutterable disgust,
their odious breath, and
great hot hands. Mal
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you call my husband?"

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had been her blemish
see her thus, casting h
pealing to his manhood
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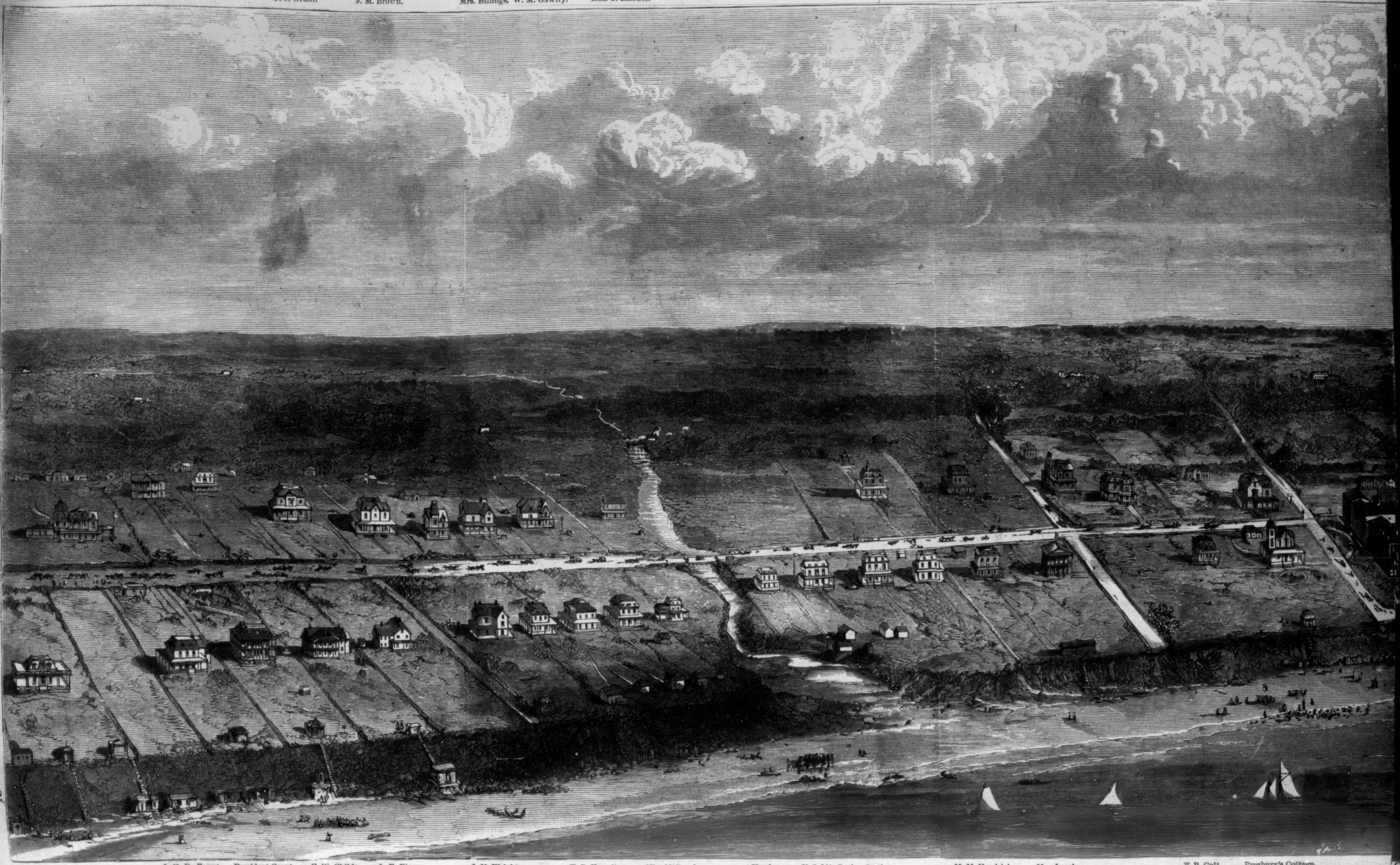
E. Adams.
Maggie Mitchell.
L. B. Brown.
J. B. Blumenthal.
U. S. Grant.
J. M. Brown.
J. B. Wright.
Mrs. Billings.
W. M. Gawtry.
Miss C. Rhodes.
S. Sternberger.
M. Sternberger.
John Hoey.
A. L. Myers.
L. Myers.
Chamberlain's Club-House.
Willow Grove.
T. Murphy.
J. G. De Forest.
President Grant.
G. W. Childs.
L. B. Binsse.
J. H. Wright.
B. Stockton.
T. P. Howell.
N. Perry.
Miss M'Cready.
Henderson.
U. S. Life Saving Station.
M. M. Hendricks.
Mrs. Leech.
F. B. Colt.
Presbury's Cottage.

Lester Wallack.
Monmouth Park.
G. W. Brown.
E. S. Green.
The Pole.
Theodore Moss.
J. S. Abecasis.
Charles Bispham.
Pleasure Bay.
J. M. Brown.
Dutch Reformed Church.
Judge Cardozo.
S. L. Cohen.
Railroad Depôt.
Helmbold Block.
Highlands.
Sandy Hook.
Atlanticville.
A. Drexel.
Howland Hotel.
Phillips & Cohen.
Mrs. Duke.
S. S. Moon.
Issch Hotel.
L. J. Phillips.
J. W. Morris.
United States Hotel.
Central Hotel.
Mansion House.
Ocean House.
Dodd's Express.
Clarendon Hotel.
Metropolitan Hotel.
East end.
Presbury's Cottage.
F. B. Colt.
Mrs. Leech.
M. M. Hendricks.
U. S. Life Saving Station.
Henderson.
Miss M'Cready.
N. Perry.
T. P. Howell.
R. Stockton.
J. H. Wright.
L. B. Binsse.
G. W. Childs.
President Grant.
J. G. De Forest.
T. Murphy.